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GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH







Wangelin North

# General Evangeline Booth

By

P. WHITWELL WILSON

*Author of "The Christ We Forget," "The Church We Forget," "Is Christ Possible?" etc.*



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## I

### THE FACT TO BE FACED

AS A journalist who, for many years, has earned his livelihood on the press, I am continually astonished by the interest that is taken in the Salvation Army. It is an interest wide as the world itself and it is manifest in all classes of society. Kings on their thrones, statesmen in the Cabinet, judges, scientists, writers—they join with the humblest of the humble, the poorest of the poor, the most degraded among the degraded, in the belief that the Salvation Army is of a peculiar and unique importance to mankind. Some of us support the Army; others criticise. But we are unanimous in the realisation that this agency or whatever we like to call it, cannot be ignored.

Recently, I put the case to the test. I consulted the index of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and found that in six different volumes of this great authority, there were references to the Salvation Army. I turned next to the *Outline of History* by H. G. Wells—a work covering the entire range of human activity—and found that there had to be two references to the Salvation Army. George Macaulay Trevelyan, Regius Professor at Cambridge who has been

awarded the Order of Merit, has written a History of England, and amid the politics, wars, discoveries, movements, conquests of two thousand years or more, he has found room for three references to the Salvation Army. The editors of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Mr. Wells and Professor Trevelyan are not emotionalists. They are not fanatics. They are not sectarians. Their reputation has been won and can only be maintained by seeing life whole. Within that panorama, the Salvation Army has won a place.

This interest in the Salvation Army is not to be explained by propaganda or by publicity. Nor is it due to any conspicuous ability or wisdom or knowledge displayed by the officers and soldiers of the Army. They are not and do not claim to be any different in themselves from the rest of us. What makes them important, is the issue that they have raised. It is an inescapable issue. It is an issue that has confronted successive generations of mankind for thousands of years. It is an issue that faces millions of homes at this moment.

The issue is simple. Here are we on this planet. How we came here, may be a mystery. Why we came, may be a no less baffling question. One thing, however, is certain. We are conscious of ourselves, of our circumstances. We live and we wish to make the most of life.

Is life to be lost or is life to be saved? Is character to be destroyed or is character to be redeemed? Are love and duty and kindly feeling and willing

service to wither away amid a wilderness of selfish paganism, or are they to flourish abundantly, to enrich the resources of happiness, to be made the music of motive inspired by which man has the courage to build and rebuild the Kingdom of God upon earth? The Salvation Army stands for salvation—not salvation as a topic for the psychologist—not salvation as a dogma for the theologian—not salvation as a sneer of the cynic—but salvation as a gospel—salvation as good news for those who have forgotten what it is to hear good news. This salvation is not a remote ideal. It is a Flag borne bravely by an Army into the hottest battle between right and wrong—individual and social—national and international—temporal and eternal. It is a fact that is seen in faces. It is a glory that triumphs in the heart.

Every great enterprize ought to be brought under the searchlight. People cannot march through the streets and play hymn tunes on brass trumpets, and wave a colourful flag and declare that there is but one hope of salvation for mankind and then complain if they are talked about.

Nor do Salvationists complain. The Army has endured its full share of persecution. It has had to outlive ridicule and survive its own inexperience. Indeed, it is now subject to the severest test of all. It has to answer for its maturity. In all romances, whether of religion or of marriage, there is what St. John the Divine described as “the first love.” Said he to the Church at Ephesus, “I have somewhat

against thee because thou hast left thy first love." The Salvation Army is to-day combating all those actualities which militate against the first love. In the great race, Salvationists are supported by what is familiar to athletes as "the second wind." Their test is not merely enthusiasm. It is endurance.

It is not the purpose here to present an academic thesis. Rather would I endeavour to offer what may be called a fireside talk on the Salvation Army—an explanation of what the Army is and what the Army does which may tell a father of a family, a mother, a boy or girl anxious to make the most and best of life, what the Army means. I shall indulge in no heroics and there may be those who will think that I have understated the facts. I am not a Salvationist, and it must be borne in mind that we who are employed on newspapers, have every reason to mistrust anything that savours of illusion or the ecstasies of the partizan.

It happens that my education was based upon mathematics, and while I cannot pretend that I was ever so very "good at sums," I did at least learn to mistrust any idea or enterprize—however picturesque, however benevolent—that failed to satisfy a sense of logic. It is the logic of the Salvation Army that compels assent. We cannot imagine a multiplication table in which twice two do not make four.

There are, at this time, two reasons why it may be appropriate to survey the record and the opportunities of the Salvation Army. First, the Army is com-

pleting the seventieth year of its activities and, founded in the nineteenth century, has to face the twentieth century. Many people, therefore, are asking questions. How did the Army originate? What has the Army achieved? What may it achieve in years to come?

Secondly, a new General has been elected. The High Council of the Salvation Army has called upon Evangeline Booth to assume the labours and responsibilities of an arduous office. It happens that, for several years, I have had the advantage of hearing what Evangeline Booth says herself about the great organisation of which she has become the world-wide leader. These discussions were informal and not undertaken with any idea of publication. But it is now possible to express in the General's own words some of the points which arise in this survey. It may be that millions who know of General Evangeline Booth by name and reputation and, in many cases, have heard her speak from the platform will be glad to have a more intimate picture of one who to-day ranks among the most conspicuous and the most honoured women of our period.

## II

### THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE

**I**F I were asked why, all my life, I have believed in the Salvation Army, I would reply by appealing to one plain and inescapable fact on which there can be no controversy. It is a fact which all of us, whatever our theology or lack of it, whatever our race or religion, whatever our politics, whatever our view of art or economics, have to acknowledge as absolute in its finality. The fact is *Need*. Every hour of every day, we meet people who—if the truth were known—are in Need.

The churches and the synagogues and hospitals and many a helpful agency—with innumerable individuals—are rendering noble service to mankind at infinite personal sacrifice. Yet when we think of broken homes, of wrecked careers, of the selfishness that fails to satisfy the selfish, of economic uncertainties, of dangerous antagonisms, we cannot but thank Providence that, amid all the good that is done everywhere, there is the Salvation Army. It arose because it had to be, and that is the reason why, as it seems to me, it will endure to the end of time.

Let us see how it was that the Salvation Army

came into existence—how it spread to the United States and throughout the world. Let us follow the river as it flows from its source, gathering many tributaries, and pouring its waters into the great ocean of eternity itself.

Many elements in our civilisation originated in England. There was the common law, football, the Bible Society, the Y. M. C. A., the steam-engine and the railway. It was in England that the Salvation Army originated, and the reason from the first was Need.

In schools and colleges, there might well be a course of instruction in the literature of Need. The gay page of *Punch* was shadowed, one Christmas, by Tom Hood's *Song of a Shirt*.

Work, work, work,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt.

862445 Charles Lamb and Charles Kingsley lavished their genius on the strange sorrows of the chimney sweep. Ruskin's profound reverence for loveliness in art and nature was outraged by the unutterable filth and squalor that were accumulating in industrial areas. Dickens gathered the flowers of humour and heroism that grew—God alone knows how—amid the jungle and the wilderness.

92 All honour to Lord Shaftesbury who demanded legislation to remedy evil conditions in the factories—to George Cadbury who substituted a garden suburb for a slum—to the stalwarts who attacked

the sweat shop—to Barnardo and George Müller who cared for the orphans.

Amid these many reformers and evangelists of the dawn, there were two who stood forth conspicuous. They were William and Catherine Booth—the Founder and the Mother of the Salvation Army. It was the idea within them that shone so clearly amid the half lights. In every fibre of their beings they believed that Need can only be overcome by Love and they had the heroism to act on this belief. They defined Life—a true life—as Love applied to Need, and they found that Love, thus applied, is triumphant. As Drummond declared, such Love is “the strongest thing in the world.” Clothed in this garment of service and sacrifice, the Booths, husband and wife, emerged as the shining symbol of victory over whatever degraded the royal dignity, whether of man or woman. As a Magna Carta, they claimed a new birthright for the children of God.

The love that William Booth shed abroad among the people in need was greater than his own. This prophet of the power of the Best to redeem and transform the Worst gazed with kindled eye at the cross where was crucified the Christ and at the form of the dying thief who suffered at the Saviour’s side. He looked at the scene on Calvary and—to use the lines of Blake—declared:

To teach doubt and experiment  
Certainly was not what Christ meant.



There are many systems of society, sacred and secular. He had his opinion—like the rest of us—as to which is better and which is worse. But the gospel that he preached, was like a kind of X-Ray that penetrated all systems and sought out the individual. Suppose that there be the ninety and nine who safely rest within the fold of society. What about the lost sheep on the mountains? To the statistician, he is merely one per cent. To the Saviour, he is worth the world and that also is his worth to the mother who bore him.

And is it only a case of one per cent? Read the famous fifteenth chapter of St. Luke and we discover that as Love becomes vigilant, the percentage of lost to be found rapidly rises. The sheep were in the fields—anywhere. But within the home, what happens when a piece of silver is mislaid? It is found to be one piece in ten or ten per cent. What happens when the prodigal son goes astray? To a sorrowing Father, he is one of two brothers or fifty per cent of all his hopes. The more man loves man, the more does he realise what a calamity it is when someone—man or woman—is lost.

In dealing with those who had fallen out of line with life, William Booth did not mince matters. With a zeal that was as quenchless as it was merciful, he drove the two-edged sword of the spirit into the vital realities of wrong. He had the courage to probe evil to its ultimate source.

General Booth was a realist. He did not ignore

the Devil as the impulse to evil. He did not deny Hell as "spiritual torpor" arising out of evil. He fought the Devil and he laid siege to Hell. Into the blackest depth that enveloped the sinner who had wronged himself, his family, society and God, this trustee for the Gospel dared to descend, and out of the abyss, he bade the broken man, the disgraced woman to look up and claim the uttermost splendours of the highest Heaven. Gripping the hand of the fallen and the wayward, this true captain of salvation was fighting the good fight of that faith which was manifest in the Christ when he declared to the thief, *To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.*

There are those who suggest that Salvation is merely a spiritual reflex of rugged individualism. That was not the idea of William Booth. A person was not soundly saved unless he was consecrated to service. He had not forsaken sin unless he had forsworn the sin of selfishness. Salvation was the stepping stone to a new career of conquest for Christ.

In the recognition of social responsibility, the Salvation Army has been among the pioneers. Years before President Roosevelt, as a statesman, drew attention to the forgotten man, General Booth, as a prophet, was making history with his famous book *In Darkest England*. Published in 1890, this epoch-making volume, revealing as it did the tragedy of "the submerged tenth," changed the at-

mosphere of domestic statesmanship. Evils that had been accepted or ignored, could not be dismissed henceforth from the consideration of public men, and in William Booth was nobly fulfilled the boast of the poet Blake—

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

### III

#### FOUNDER AND FATHER

I HESITATE to allude to personal experiences yet it is possible that some of them may contribute to this discussion. For I was, at one time, among those young graduates of Oxford and Cambridge who lived at Toynbee Hall and other university settlements in the kind of districts in London where the Salvation Army originated.

At close quarters, I met the people with whom the Salvation Army was dealing—the irregularly unemployed, the drink-ridden unemployable, the sweated worker, and I used to preside, two evenings a week, over debates, formal and informal, at which men of many occupations and grievances—immigrants, dockers, Communists, Irish—argued hour after hour, over the social system and religion and the meaning of life. Over and over again I have answered Communists fresh from European conspiracies, by saying, “what have you got against the Salvation Army?”

When I was member of Parliament, my wife and I called personally on thousands of homes in mid-London, visiting condemned areas where the police themselves disliked to go after dark, and there is,

I think, no doubt that, on one occasion, I was fortunate to escape the fall of a heavy projectile from a third floor window which, aimed a foot or two more accurately, would have ended my political enthusiasms. So in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park, where I was among those who raised a voice on behalf of the under-privileged in the community. These experiences are of no importance in themselves. But out of them I derived a profound respect for the day to day activities and evangelism of the Salvation Army. These people doubtless did a good deal of talking. But they talked the truth and they tackled actualities.

I saw General Booth in life. Also, I saw him in death.

Vague and fleeting is the recollection of what in these days would be called a motorcade, passing through a country town. For an instant we, who were boys at the time, caught a glimpse of a thin ascetic figure, darkly clad in a closefitting coat, whose silver-crowned head and pale countenance rose above the heads of the people like the inspired face of a Hebrew prophet. He was hurried into and hurried out of our street—the breathless herald of hope for lost humanity.

At the Albert Hall, I saw him again, blind as Homer with his genius and no less venerable, yet as alert as ever in his movements as he paced this way and that, his prophet's cloak swaying like a kilt, his white hair waving in his own breeze, his voice ring-

ing forth the edicts of divine decision, as with sightless vision he swept his gaze around the universe in which his spirit seemed to chafe as in a cage.

Finally I saw him at rest, enveloped in what seemed to me at the time to be a bizarre riot of colour—blue, red and yellow, as in a Russian scene—in the midst of which pageantry of the Holy War, he lay alone in his glory, his splendid profile young again with eternal youth, the leader who, by the Grace of God, had faced hard fate in others and mastered it.

The Salvation Army was then, what it continues to be to-day, a past master in the art of expressive demonstration, and why not? It is not amid mountains that men raise to heaven the loftiest spires above their sanctuaries. It is the humdrum community on the plains of Netherland that builds high and fills its churches, oftentimes, with a glory of colour. So with the Salvation Army. Its splendours are the splendours of those who know no other splendour.

Men who serve the state receive titles, are robed in velvet and ermine, decorated with stars and garters. Scientists are awarded their Nobel Prizes. And I am one who, as I look on the faces of Salvationists—their wholesome vigour—their eager participation in all that is going on—their courtesy and readiness to do a kindness—their freedom from self-assertion—their incessant toil for others—say to myself "If the Army produces people like this,

let them have all the bands, bonnets and tambourines that they want. Let them fill a thousand Albert Halls—a thousand Madison Gardens—if this is all that they ask of social recognition!”

It is no matter for surprize that, in his later years, General Booth was acclaimed throughout the world as an outstanding celebrity. He was received by King Edward at Buckingham Palace. He offered prayer in Congress. At the University of Oxford, he looked the part in his doctor's gown.

I was too much of a rebel to be concerned with this kind of thing, The blood in my veins is hopelessly Quaker. But I am beginning to appreciate the value of such scenes as a formative influence on public opinion. Most people are conscious of monotony in life. They crave for sensation, and it has to be cheap sensation. They can afford none other. A murder, a scandal, a feat in athletics, a flight through the air, a disaster—in the mean street all of this provides a thrill.

The Salvation Army has taken the good in life and made it as sensational as the evil. It has made the spiritual as sensational as the material. The melodrama had been devoted to downfall. It now included uplift. The home that seemed to be so humdrum, began to be honoured as a palace. It had its address in the democracy of the City of God where there are many mansions and a place for everyone prepared by the Redeemer Himself.

There was one expression of esteem for the Army

that compelled the scoffers themselves to bare their heads. Of London, Wordsworth, in his oftquoted sonnet, had written

Dear God! the very houses seem asleep  
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

But, on this occasion, all that mighty heart was deeply stirred.

I had been a spectator at the funeral of Queen Victoria and of King Edward. As a reporter, I had now to "cover" the funeral of General Booth. All of us on the press were astounded by those obsequies. Here, after all, was one who had been a private citizen. Yet the pavements of mid-London were crowded to capacity, including the side streets; the windows were thronged; the roofs were lined with onlookers.

The magnitude of this processional far surpassed any result of pre-arrangement. People talked about the lapsed masses who drift away from religion. Those lapsed masses were canonising their own saint. The millions claimed his memory. "Here," said they in their hearts, "is the man who had the courage to tell us what we know to be the truth about ourselves."

It was with the slow grandeur of a Roman triumph that the cortege, honouring William Booth, advanced through the streets of London. It seemed, in very truth, that a conqueror was claiming "the world for Christ."



At the open grave of William Booth, I realised for the first time whatever it be within the Salvation Army that can make the most of men and women. At the open grave of William Booth, I first saw the most brilliantly gifted of his daughters and heard her voice. She raised that voice in prayer.

It was a moving scene and let us realise what the scene disclosed. The Army is governed according to regulations and discipline is strictly enforced. But it is not by regulations—not even by discipline—that the fighting quality of an Army is to be appraised. There is also morale and the morale of this Army is the morale of a family in a Father's home. The beat of the drum is no more than the echo of the beat of the heart; and this was the throb that rendered a last long reverberating salute to William Booth as he was laid to rest.

Unless the beat of the heart be heard, it is impossible to appreciate the life of a Salvationist, and I know not how to express that music otherwise than in the words that Salvationists themselves employ. It happened that I was browsing over old files of *The War Cry* published by the Army and sold in the streets. On a frayed and faded page I came across an archive which perhaps will be of interest to others who may not have seen it. Here—with one or two trivial corrections of phrase—is the last letter written by William Booth to his daughter Evangeline:

MY DEAR, DEAR EVA:

I had your letter. Bless you a thousand times! You are a lovely correspondent. You don't write your letters with your pen, or with your tongue, you write them with your heart. Hearts are different; some, I suppose, are born sound and musical, others are born uncertain and unmusical, and are at best a mere tinkling cymbal. Yours, I have no doubt, has blessed and cheered and delighted the soul of the mother who bore you from the very first opening of your eyes upon the world, and that dear heart has gone on with its cheering influence from that time to the present, and it will go on cheering among the rest your loving brother Bramwell and your devoted General right away to the end; nay, will go on endlessly, for there is to be no conclusion to our affection.

I want it to be so. I want it to be my own experience. Love, to be a blessing, must be ambitious, boundless and eternal. O Lord, help me! and O Lord destroy everything in me that interferes with the prosperity, growth and fruitfulness of this precious, divine and everlasting fruit!

I have been ill—I have been very ill indeed. I have had a return of my indigestion in its most terrible form. This spasmodic feeling of suffocation has so distressed me that at times it has seemed almost impossible for me to exist. Still, I have fought my way through, and the doctors this afternoon have told me, as bluntly and plainly as an opinion could

be given to a man, that I must struggle on and not give way, or the consequences will be very serious.

Then, too, the eye has caused me much pain, but that has very much, if not entirely, passed off and the oculist tells me that the eye will heal up. But alas! alas! I am absolutely blind. It is very painful, but I am not the only blind man in the world, and I can easily see how, if I am spared, I shall be able to do a good deal of valuable work.

So I am going to make another attempt at work. What do you think of that? I have sat down this afternoon, not exactly to the desk, but anyway to the duties of the desk, and I am going to strive to stick to them if I possibly can. I have been down to some of my meals; I have had a walk in the garden, and now it is proposed for me to take a drive in a motor, I believe some kind soul is loaning me. Anyhow, I am going to have some machine that will shuffle me along the street, road and square, and I will see how that acts on my nerves, and then perhaps try something more.

However, I am going into action once more in the Salvation War, and I believe, feeble as I am, God is going to give me another good turn, and another blessed wave of success.

You will pray for me. I would like before I die—it has been one of the choicest wishes of my soul—to be able to make the Salvation Army such a power for God and of such benefit to mankind that no wicked people can spoil it.

Salvation forever! Salvation—Yellow, Red and Blue! I am for it, my darling, and so are you.

I have heard about your open-air services with the greatest satisfaction, and praise God with all my heart that in the midst of the difficulties of climate and politics, etc., you have been able to go forward.

I have the daily papers read to me, and among other things that are very mysterious and puzzling are the particulars that I gather of the dreadful heat that you have had to suffer, both as a people and as individuals.

You seem to have had lively times with the weather. It must have tried you very much.

My telling you not to fret about me is the proper thing to do. That is my business in this world, and if I can only comfort your dear heart, well I shall do good work.

Good-by, my darling child. Write to me as often as you can, but not when overburdened. I am with you, and for you, and in you forever and ever. Love to everybody.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER AND GENERAL.

## IV

### THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

**I**N THE City of Nottingham, there is a modest dwelling that is now preserved as a museum of the Salvation Army. It was the home of William Booth, a minister of the Methodist New Connection and of Catherine Mumford whom he married.

On Christmas Day, 1865, it was weather that Dickens might have described. Snow lay on the ground and six children in the parlour were celebrating the festival of childhood.

The door opened and there entered a thin, pale, restless man, wearing a long coat and beard that seemed to double his age. He had steel-grey eyes, a strong aquiline nose and an abundance of black hair. He carried a hamper, and with great expectations it was opened. Within lay a new-born baby. She is known to-day as Evangeline, the daughter of the angels at Bethlehem. The sounds that first greeted her ear were not the clatter of machinery, the roar of traffic, the thunders of war. Those sounds were the chime of bells and the melody of carols.

On the family of Booth, a library has been writ-

ten. With its achievements and its limitations, it is unique. There has been no family quite like it. On the one hand, we see strongly defined and entirely human characteristics. On the other hand, there has been manifest in the family an imperious call to serve great ends. The upbringing of Evangeline Booth was repressive of interests held to be irrelevant to the true purpose of life. It was no less of a stimulus to the fulfilment of those purposes.

In their negatives, the Booths were emphatic as the Puritans. There was no drink, no tobacco, no cards, no dancing, no evenings at the theatre, no days at the race course. The abstentions were monastic in their severity.

It was not all sacrifice. The home, thus surrounded by safeguards, was developed into a complete world of seething activity. The children were encouraged to keep animals as pets and to care for them. There was unfailing solicitude for the rabbits, guinea pigs, birds, mice and dogs which inhabited the domestic menageries. The child Eva loved animals and, throughout her varied career, animals have not ceased to return her love.

Evangeline, as she grew out of babyhood had a marmoset and this marmoset could hardly be described as a credit to the species. The creature displayed all the rascality of which a monkey is capable, and the little girl, eager to redeem its character, dressed it in uniform. But when she added the ribbon of The Salvation Army she was im-

pressed by her mother's gentle remonstrance: "But, Eva, it does not live the life."

What this family avoided, was not the reality of life but the artificiality. They substituted beliefs for make-beliefs, and Evangeline Booth grew up to be an out-of-door as well as an indoor person—she loved the breezes. She has her own universal theatre. It is the field and the forest. She has her own everlasting music hall. It resounds with the singing of birds. The scenery that surrounds the drama of mankind in which she plays her part, is far-reaching in its horizons as the clouds and the stars, nor can she conceive of an orchestra more compelling in its harmonies than the wind in the trees.

It is not enough to say that the Booths were Methodists. Their zeal in Methodism was the zeal of Wesley himself nor could that zeal be held in restraint. There is the oft-told story—essential to this perspective—of their exodus into the wilderness.

In 1861, the Conference of the New Connexion was held in Liverpool. There arose the eternal conflict between those who would go forward and those who were inclined to hold back. As usual in such emergencies, a compromise was suggested, and at the crisis William Booth, on the floor, glanced at his wife in the gallery. In her dark dress this young wife stood, and the building rang with the challenging word, "Never!" At the sound of it, the husband rose to his feet, bowed to the chair and, as a signal to his wife, waved his hat towards the door. There were

cries of "Order!" but he walked out of the chapel, and in the vestibule the two of them met and embraced. Together they went forth to fight the battle of an unknown future that, later, was shared by Evangeline Booth.

The home was filled with an exhilaration. It was as ozone in the atmosphere and the children breathed that atmosphere into their systems. There was passion to win souls—more souls—and more souls. The child's first earliest recollections were of her father as General, with officers around him, and bands that played the hymns, and lassies who collected pennies in their tambourines and above all, the flag—blue and red—with its motto, "The World for God."

It was not long before the spirit of the crusade entered into the receptive mind of Evangeline. At the age of five, so it was recorded by the cook who ministered to the family, the child assumed control of the kitchen which she arranged for a meeting. On the chairs, there was an excellent attendance of dolls, cushions and brooms—who faced the table on which the youthful maiden climbed. From this point of vantage, she preached her first sermon, herself choosing the text and, it will be admitted, with some ingenuity. The text was "Hi, Diddle, Diddle."

It was a surprisingly pertinent sermon, and the theme—clearly recalled by the cook—was courage



in adversity. It may be very awkward when the cat gets into the fiddle and spoils the tune. It may be sad for little children when the cow, instead of yielding her milk, jumps over the moon. Yet did these perplexities dismay the heart of the little dog? The little dog laughed to see such fun, and as for the dish, it ran away with the spoon. Where else should the dish be found except with the spoon as companion? So it ended right after all.

At the age of ten, Evangeline was again overheard as she preached. This time it was no nursery rhyme that provided the text. The child discoursed on the basic truth of all that ever has been, all that is, or ever will be. She spoke of the words, "God is Love," and outside, on the stairs, her father listened, and made notes of the address, which were carefully preserved. "Eva," he wrote, "is the orator."

Throughout that home, the question above all other questions was whether each child in turn would decide to live the life. At the age of twelve, the moment for that great decision came to Evangeline Booth. We catch a glimpse of a slim, fair-haired girl, disturbed by deep emotions. Her eyes are shining with tears, yet bright with the expression of a great purpose. Barefooted she seeks her mother and flings herself into those arms which were strong even in sympathy. The daughter—not yet in her 'teens—had given herself to God.

There was no doubt as to the cost of the gift.

Those were days before the great development of education for women, especially in England. Yet education was available for a family in the position of the Booths and, apart from each education, culture was among the amenities of leisure. The one absorbing thought of Evangeline Booth was the Salvation Army. Repeatedly she might have married and had a home of her own. The suitors, as they indicated their attitude, were referred by this young girl to her mother, nor did the Founder of the Salvation Army ever forget a loyalty, thus Spartan. When he died, he bequeathed to his daughter one simple and sufficient legacy. It was her mother's wedding ring. As Commander in the United States she carried that ring and she still carries it as General.

The strain on a tender nature is not to be underestimated. There is a profound—even a pathetic—significance in the picture of this child in her 'teens confessing on her knees her little betrayals into irritability and seeking a divine deliverance from what her sensitive soul deplored as a bad temper.

Nor in this holy and wholehearted warfare was it the mind alone that was exposed to wounds. Medical science, as we know it to-day, and especially preventive medicine were still in their infancy, and this particular family, by the necessities of its mission, was brought into contact with every kind of epidemic. Smallpox, scarlet fever, rheumatic fever,

measles, whooping cough—all of these infections were among the more or less serious leprosy which received the courageous touch, at any rate, of a spiritual healing. And the whooping cough proved to be a serious business.

## V

### THAT MERRIE ENGLAND!

SINCE the eighties, the world has changed. Never in history have there been changes so rapid and far-reaching. It is not easy even for those of us who have lived through these changes to realise what were the conditions under which Evangeline Booth threw herself, body and soul, into the great crusade for Salvation.

Florence Nightingale had succeeded with difficulty in persuading the previous generation that nursing in a military hospital is a profession suitable for women. In the Society of Friends, women shared with men the ministry of preaching. But there were hardly any women as yet in journalism, the medical and legal professions, or even in commercial offices, where the typewriter was not yet in common use. To-day women, even in India, exercise the vote. They sit in legislatures. They serve in Cabinets. They fly over land and sea in aeroplanes. They march in parades. Fifty years ago, the sphere assigned to most women, even in English speaking countries, was still the triple K of the Germanic code—translatable as church, children and cookery.

From the first, the Salvation Army announced

that, in the sight of God, women and men as crusaders for righteousness enjoy an equal status. They share the same opportunities and they shoulder the same responsibilities. With her compelling eloquence, Catherine Booth stepped into the limelight as the comrade of William Booth. If he was Founder of the Salvation Army, she was the Army's "Mother." Nor was it possible to gainsay her initiative. Had she not also graduated for the duties of life in the home? Before she advanced into evangelism she had been a faithful and efficient housewife.

It was a very different matter when in the least orderly of London's streets and slums, there was seen a mere slip of a girl, distinctively attired—who seemed to be a vision of tender and innocent simplicity from a world far different from the underworld into which she had made her way. It was in no nicely ordered Sunday School that she preached the Gospel of the Grace of God. Without flinching, she faced the problem of poverty—the formidable brutalities, prejudices, ribaldry and disorders that accompanied lack of education, decent housing and regular employment.

There have been those who, considering the immaturity of this girl at that time, have suggested that she was brought by her parents under some kind of moral pressure, and compelled to enter a field from which girls of her age were, as a rule, so carefully shielded. General Evangeline Booth has

always denied with emphasis that any undue influence was brought to bear upon her. Her choice may have been a hard choice. But it was her own choice and her service was perfect freedom. On the parents' side, there was a complete confidence that God would protect His own.

As a Field Marshal, Sir William Robertson held a peculiar position in the affection of the public. He had enlisted as a private soldier and had risen to the highest rank from the lowest. Never could it be said that Evangeline Booth received special privileges from her father. In those early days, the suggestion that William Booth had any special privileges to offer would have been regarded as ridiculous. It is like saying that a soldier enjoys a special privilege when he goes over the top into no-man's-land and no-God's-land. From rank to rank, Eva, as she was called by rich and poor, had to work her way, nor does she ask anyone to do anything that she has not herself had to do in years gone by.

The problem that had to be solved was a problem of perception. Here, on the one hand, was the Gospel. It was a Gift of Life expressed in a literature, admittedly marvellous and firmly believed by the Salvation Army to be divine, called the Bible. It was a Gift of Life embodied in the Life of Lives, the Death of Deaths, the Resurrection that includes all Resurrection, which has inspired artists to paint great pictures, architects to build great cathedrals, composers to produce great music, missionaries to

endure great martyrdoms, scholars to pursue great researches, and families to offer great examples of sane and decent conduct and character.

On the other hand, there was London—not ill-natured—not unloving—but riotous at times with sheer misery. There were slums, some of which have been cleared away. Within these slums lay the dark shadows of poverty and crime and drink. Not only were there forgotten men. The boys were forgotten. The girls were forgotten. In attics and cellars of intolerable atmosphere, sweatshops reared their undernourished families.

In what language was the Gospel to be made known to people in the rapidly growing cities who were surrounded by such conditions and restricted by such limitations of mental and social outlook—people who were seldom if ever seen in a church—people who were not much wanted in many churches of that period of the proprietries? Bible Societies were translating the Scriptures into every language spoken on earth. Evangeline Booth was among those who translated the Scriptures into the English of the English.

The initiative that had been revealed in her juvenile discourses to the strange congregation of cushions and brushes and dolls which she assembled in the kitchen of her home, was now to be developed in very different fields. Before she had entered her 'teens, Evangeline Booth had become a child crusader among children, and it was an ad-

mirable apprenticeship. As we listen to her addresses, we can discern the simplicity of exposition within an elaborated eloquence, which enabled her to appeal to all kinds of minds—the simple and the sophisticated—the ignorant and the learned. It is as children that she has always invited the weary and the disillusioned to come back to the Father's home and find therein the kingdom of heaven.

How to win children, became her solicitous anxiety, and one of her ingenious artifices—it came a few years later—created something of a local furor. In front of a basement, there appeared a notice that dolls would be there mended. At once, there gathered a multitude of youngsters, clamorously demanding the restoration of whatever of rag or wood they declared to be "a doll." Evangeline Booth was not precisely an expert on mending dolls and especially of flotsam and jetsam that were only dolls in the imagination of their owners. However, she was not to be daunted and she proceeded single handed to carry by storm a neighbouring doll factory where her story evoked a generous response. Crates full of dolls in parts arrived and an humble worker in the neighbourhood was appointed to carry out the constructive surgery. Those dolls wherever they went, bore with them the tenderness of the Eternal Father who sets children in the midst of the universe.

If Evangeline Booth was to win the hearts of the poor, she had to share their heartaches, and the



only way to know poverty is to be poor. The flower girls of Piccadilly Circus were thus interested one day to receive an addition to their company nor had they the least idea who she was. But there was no mistaking the message of the rags that she wore. Picking up her coppers, the child, as she still seemed to be was evidently up against it. One old fellow from whom she begged a hot potato was moved to pity, and told her to go to the Salvation Army "Sure they'll help you" he declared, and it turned out that he was himself a converted Salvationist.

Piccadilly Circus was the campus of the only college that Evangeline Booth ever attended, and she emerged from that study of the humblest commerce with a knowledge which, perhaps, could never have been acquired otherwise. Nor have the people of London ever forgotten the gracious and winning gesture of genuine comradeship with which a woman of brilliant capacity, as she has proved herself to be, approached the obscure millions of a vast metropolis.

For years, this fair-haired girl, with a ribbon of red in her bonnet, was seen and heard, day and night, singing, pleading, helping and defending the weak wife and her children against the husband's drunken rage. They threw stones at her, and bottles, and pailfuls of hot water. In hovels where the filth was unspeakable, she faced all that the police anywhere have had to face. She was seen in the courts. In public houses, evening after evening, she

appeared and amid the atmosphere that she detested, sang her songs of salvation.

Notoriety hunting is an ancient pastime that never ceases to be popular, and many are they who, in the cause of religion and politics and art, have indulged in what we are accustomed to call "stunts." The excitement of what, after all, was a fierce warfare might well have upset the balance of an impressionable girl, virtually alone in her pioneering. In Evangeline Booth, there was found to be a solidity of purpose which steadied her enterprize amid all the sensations of success and failure. It was only about her methods there was, at times, a touch of the strategic. But below the superficiality, as it seemed to be, her motives were deep as the soul within her, and as "manners maketh man," so did motives make this woman.

Gradually she built up her activities, and as Captain, she was put in charge of the Great Western Hall, Marylebone, not far from the terminal station of Paddington. Here was an astonishing campaign for such a girl to undertake but it was not long before it began to be realised that here was to be heard a voice of no ordinary quality. An old man would creep into Eva's meetings and hide himself away in a back seat. His leonine visage and stout build seemed to be familiar. It was John Bright, who knew about eloquence. He made no secret of what he thought about this young girl's gifts.

One chill night she had been preaching on the

familiar hymn, "My Jesus, I Love Thee," when the venerable Quaker statesman came up to her, buttoned up her collar, and said, "You must take care of yourself. You have a great work to do in the world." Bright wrote to William Booth: "You must pack her in cottonwool and keep her in a glass-case. She belongs to the public platform."

John Bright was only the first of many eminent persons—monarchs and statesmen—men of science and letters—captains of commerce and religious leaders—who have counted it a privilege to hear Evangeline Booth. Her education may have been unusual. But it had its advantages. Evangeline Booth did not have the chance of reading all that is read to-day by students in high schools and universities. But, like John Bright himself, she read the best and knew it by heart. Her diction is attuned to the King James version of the Bible and she has a keen ear for the value and harmony of words. It is this exquisite sense of rhythm that enables her to achieve melody in language and hers has ever been the aspiration of the artist. Nothing that she says, nothing that she writes, is carelessly said or written. Amid all other demands upon her energies, she devotes infinite trouble to perfecting every syllable of what seems to be the spontaneous utterance of the moment.

She is a musician and her songs, with their orchestration, have been heard throughout the world. The harp is not an easy instrument to play but it is

her instrument; and enormous audiences have been hushed to silence by its gentle notes. It is as an instrument of music that she uses her voice. They who recall the "organ tones" of Sarah Bernhardt frequently hear echoes in an elocution that carries every syllable to the remote seats of a vast auditorium.

} Faced by a crowd, friendly or hostile, the young Captain displayed an instinctive understanding of mass-psychology, and seldom if ever did her appeal fail to win sympathy. She saw the bad in man which too often was obvious. But she believed in the good, however deplorably it might have been concealed. And it was at the decency which is latent within the roughest exterior that she aimed her arrows. Over and over again they hit the mark. There might be pandemonium in the hall. But who could quarrel with a Salvationist when, waiting for silence, she held the hand of an orphan boy standing on a chair at her side? Who could jeer at the little fellow—a victim rescued from destitution—as, in his piping treble—he sang, "I am going home where the Angels dwell. Oh, sinner won't you come?" With such an expression of faith and of love, there was no arguing.

When Evangeline Booth returned to England as General, she was greeted at one of the welcoming demonstrations by an aged Salvationist who had held her as a baby and confessed that she had been a very difficult baby to hold. "I was kicking then,"

said the General amid a prolonged demonstration of cordial assent, "and I have been kicking ever since."

With her tact and insight into character, Evangeline Booth has never been a quarrelsome person. She is big, not small in her impulses and she seeks the larger result. But she has never been afraid of a fight if there is something worth while to fight for; and, if there has to be a fight, she fights hard. Few people who have had her for an antagonist, forget the experience, and there are fewer still who, even in defeat, bear her malice.

The south coast of England is one long playground where millions annually enjoy the seaside. In certain of these resorts, there was, during the eighties, a dislike of the meetings and marchings of the Salvation Army. Local by-laws were invoked against these open air proceedings. The by-laws thus enforced were held to be contrary to the Common Law of England. In any event, like the Apostles in Jerusalem under somewhat similar circumstances, Salvationists declared that they must obey God rather than man. At Torquay in Devonshire, there were riots, arrests, persecutions and imprisonments. Also there was trouble at Eastbourne.

The leadership of the Salvationists was entrusted to Evangeline Booth and, amid their annoyance, the authorities themselves could not withhold their admiration of her spirited yet goodhumoured courage. What was to be done with people who, summoned to appear in the police court, opened their

own prosecution with prayer? What measures could be effective when prisoners on release, were acclaimed with volleys of "Hallelujah" and paraded the streets clad in the costume of the jail with the broad arrow conspicuously displayed upon it? And how was Joan of Arc to be answered when, with a pertinacity as charming as it was logical, she enquired why she alone was held to be immune from arrest?

The struggle could hardly be regarded as helpful in itself to evangelism. But as publicity, it was the best thing for the Army that could have happened. When eleven Salvationists were fined a sovereign apiece, eleven members of Parliament subscribed their sovereigns to pay the fine, and, in due course, the by-laws were obliterated by appropriate legislation.

## VI

### ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

THE career of Evangeline Booth has been expressive of the development of the Salvation Army. At the outset, her activities were local. They became national and, step by step, she moved further afield until to-day her position is as international as the Salvation Army itself.

Sometimes we are apt to suppose that the spread of the Salvation Army to the ends of the earth has been a kind of psychological accident due to the sublime idiosyncracies of a superman of benevolence who happened to be endowed with the qualities of an exceptional initiative.

It is no disparagement of William Booth to say that here is a misapprehension of the facts. What he inspired and organised at the outset was no more than a local mission, and it is doubtful whether, in the early days, he realised—certainly he did not realise to the full—whereunto this thing would grow to which he put his resolute hand.

It is as we survey the Salvation Army in retrospect that we realise how what did happen was bound to happen. The Army did not win its way by chance or luck. It embodied an idea and it was

the right idea. If an idea is right anywhere, it must be right everywhere. From the first, the Salvation Army was handling universals.

First, there was Need and how did William Booth define the Need? In one of his last messages he wrote:

I want during 1912 to see a more direct, desperate and widespread effort for the salvation of the most despised, most hopeless, most dangerous and most burdensome classes of society. This crowd includes:

The slaves of drink.

The daughters of shame.

The criminal fraternity.

The most blasphemous and infidel mockers of religion, together with the occupants of the slums of our great cities, and the tramps who wander about in every corner of the land.

Look at the world in which we are now living. Who will deny that there are still "slaves to drink"—that there are still "daughters of shame"—that there is still the "criminal fraternity"—that there are still the homeless and the hopeless whose only religion is to blaspheme God and man? We are passing through what has been, perhaps, the gravest and most prolonged depression ever recorded in human history, and during this depression, there has been a widespread upheaval in faith and the restraints of thought and action.



As with the Need, so with the Love that meets the Need. This Love cannot be adequate if it be restricted in any way by frontiers, whether of nationality or environment. My old friend and colleague of the *News-Chronicle* in London, Hugh Redwood has described the Salvation Army as "God in the Slums." He would be the first to declare that God is not limited to the slums. "The love of God"—as Francis W. Faber has expressed it—"is broader than the measure of man's mind," and so must be every expression of that love.

What happened to the Salvation Army was no different from what happened during the first century of the Christian Era. The Gospel was scattered abroad like sparks from a fire, and wherever the sparks fell, new fires flamed forth.

There was a family in humble circumstances. It was wholly devoid of those gifts and graces which lend distinction to personality. It might have been any one of a million families. Yet it was brought into the stream of history and made a definite difference to what Jefferson called the pursuit of happiness.

The name of the family was Shirley and there were a father, a mother and a daughter, aged sixteen years, all of whom had become converts to the Christian Mission which later was enobled with the name of the Salvation Army. The young girl had been commissioned by William Booth as a lieutenant and he stipulated that, if she accompanied

her parents, she must not forget her duty as an officer.

The Shirleys migrated across the Atlantic. Changing their domicile, they ceased to be British subjects. They were naturalized as citizens of the United States. But it made no difference to their faith. Saved in the old world, they were still saved in the new. The flag that had flown at Coventry in England had to be unfurled at Philadelphia in Pennsylvania, and that youthful lieutenant may be described without exaggeration as the Lindbergh of a rescuing gospel.

The Shirleys were convinced that they were surrounded on every side by Need. The people were hungry for the Bread of Life—more hungry in their hearts than some of them ever realised. The Salvationists passed a disused stable and asked the owner to let it. "What do you want it for?" he enquired. They told him that they wished to hold meetings for the Salvation Army. "Who will guarantee payment of the rent?" was the next question. "We will trust God for the rent," they replied. "Great Scott, I shall never get any rent that way!" he answered, but he had to be satisfied with the security.

It was not William Booth who wrote to the Shirleys inspiring them to evangelise. It was the Shirleys who wrote to William Booth begging that he would forthwith send reinforcements and William Booth replied that he had no reinforcements to send. They continued in their appeal and, in February

1880, Commissioner Railton, with seven officers, all of them women, set forth to initiate the first corps of the Army outside of the British Isles. The last of these pioneers—Major Emma Westbrook was “promoted to glory” on January 5th, 1933.

“As from the stable in Bethlehem where Jesus was born,” says Evangeline Booth, in one of her descriptive addresses, “there have come all the temples and cathedrals and churches and chapels and mission-rooms and meeting-houses and Sabbath Schools in the world, so from this stable in Philadelphia have come free dispensaries for the suffering poor; emergency and rescue homes for the unfortunate; relief depots supplying coal and blankets in winter, ice and milk for the babies in summer; hospitals for the sick; the poor man’s church; the poor mothers’ meeting-room; the young girl’s sewing-room; the working man’s club, and a place where the hounded, the sorrowing and the guilty can lay down their burden at the Saviour’s feet and be free.”

It is in language of similar appeal to human feeling that the General has narrated how work among the children of the United States was started:

“A large street meeting, she says, was being held—plenty of soldiers—plenty of instruments—plenty of singing. It was a beautiful, simple talk the Captain gave. He was a tall, strong man, with a red band around his hat. The drum was turned into the

penitent's bench, and men and women knelt down by it and wept, and found Christ.

"It was a chill November evening, and the season's first snow came down in the air as though it would sprinkle the penitents white. No one noticed the little girl—eight years old—bare feet—scanty cotton dress—her unnourished hair blowing in the wind. Such a little white pinched face—large brown eyes had watched the people getting converted.

" 'Now to the hall,' said the Captain. The bandsmen took up the drum—the crowd began to leave, when the little girl whose home was a pallet of straw in the corner of a large cab and hansom stable, mustered her courage, pulled the big Captain's coat, and said, 'Please, sir, save me first.'

"The drum was put down again, the piteous figure kneeled by it, with the big Captain beside her. Soon the meeting broke up. In the lead of the procession was the tall man with the red band round his hat, the little girl's hand in his large one. I see them now, and following on behind are the tens of thousands of children the Salvation Army has cared for, and the thousands of saved fathers and mothers in their wake, while an Angel before the Throne says, 'A little child shall lead them.' "

## VII

### ON TO CANADA

THE earliest Salvationists fought evil with their bare hands. They were like peasants arming themselves with scythes and sickles in order to meet the foe. But William Booth realised that soldiers in a complicated civilisation must be trained soldiers and it was Evangeline Booth who was placed in command of the International Training Garrison in Great Britain. She is thus intimately acquainted as an educator with the formative processes by which the enthusiasm of the cadet is welded, like molten metal, into the serviceable weapon of practical efficiency.

It was by no desire of her own that the name of Evangeline Booth began to be known outside Great Britain. It was not even at her own suggestion that she crossed the ocean. Her Father was also her General. She loved him wholly, she obeyed him implicitly, and it was he who, by cable, told her that she must go to New York. Because she was told to go, she went.

The simplicity of her obedience to one whom she regarded as her superior officer did not alter the fact that, on this first visit, she had to face formidable

difficulties. There was misunderstanding over the Army's purposes. There was dislike of the Army's methods. There was misgivings over the Army's finances. There was controversy.

Evangeline Booth had to enter her first meeting by the fire-escape, and on one occasion there were critics in the audience prepared to bombard her with eggs and similar ammunition. Defiant, dauntless, yet patient, she faced the storm, holding the Stars and Stripes with one hand and the Salvationist standard with the other. The opposition was overcome, she won her hearing, nor has she ever lost it.

Over perplexing situations, the newspapers—then as now—were outspoken. If there had been one false step on the part of the future General, her usefulness might have been impaired. She was assisted, I think, by a conspicuous and invaluable quality. Ours is a generation that pretends, at any rate, to believe in nothing and nobody. Not the least of the General's services to society has been her transparent sincerity.

In the year 1896, Evangeline Booth had reached her thirties and she was appointed to be Territorial Commissioner of Canada where she succeeded her brother Commandant Herbert Booth. There were three Salvationist yachts equipped for service on the Great Lakes and the fishing fleets of Nova Scotia. One of these, decorated with bunting, bore the Commissioner to Toronto where the wharf was crowded

with banners, bands and troops of the Salvation Army. The "volleys" of cheering were enthusiastic.

It was a brave show. But no less desperate was the battle. In twenty-three days of continuous speaking, with the temperature ranging from 85 to 108 in the shade, the new Commissioner travelled 6000 miles. It was an average on railways where speed is not the first object of 300 miles a day.

In Newfoundland there was a typical incident. "Give me your hand," said the Commissioner to a man—a backslider—who sat silent and obstinate during the prayers. The man snatched his hand away. "Give me your hand," repeated the Commissioner and again the man angrily refused. "You are God's and ours," said the Commissioner, adding gently. "Give me your hand." "I won't" said the man. "I can't follow you." Once more the Commissioner said, "Give me your hand." The man leapt up and flung himself on the penitent form. A few minutes later he was seen at the platform, looking upwards as he cried, "Thank you Jesus that you ever let me see her face."

The Salvation Army has developed what may be called a keen sense of emergency. Some great disaster creates a sensation. It is no mere sensation that sweeps over the Army. Spontaneously there is evoked the impulse to help. The question is not only how people feel. There is also the question what they intend to do about it. How much is their sympathy worth?

In 1896, a terrible outburst of man's inhumanity to man challenged the conscience of civilisation. The massacre of Armenians by Turks was in very truth "a negation of God" and a hideous crime drew the venerable Gladstone out of his retirement to deliver the last of his many majestic orations—a noble protest against unutterable infamy.

It is thousands of miles from Armenia to New Brunswick but the port of St. John was stirred by the arrival of refugees. Evangeline Booth greeted them and pleaded their cause. It was a crusade that served a purpose beyond its immediate object. It aroused those generous instincts which—whatever be the occasion—uplift the community above selfish and material considerations.

Over another situation, there was an unforgettable scene. The Commissioner for Canada had proceeded to Seattle, there to meet her Father the General. The station was crowded with a turbulent multitude of minors, one of whom greeted William Booth with the cry "Klondyke or bust, General." The Founder of the Salvation Army stood silent for a while—then said quietly, "This is *my* Klondyke."

At Klondyke, the Salvation Army had a work to do and Evangeline Booth undertook that work. Tents and canoes were acquired and at Toronto—as the expedition set forth—there was an impressive farewell.

The love of Christ is inescapable in its appeal. At Calvary, we see the centurion who enforced the



law. Also, we see the thief who had broken the law. Both of them surrendered to the Redeemer who loved them both.

The visit of Evangeline Booth to Klondyke expressed that gospel. At Dawson City, she was the guest of the Governor of Yukon and was escorted by Canadian Mounted Police. Yet her message also reached the depths. In the mining area, all sorts and conditions of men—some of them with murder or other crime upon their conscience—were moved by one absorbing impulse—a greed for gold. Suddenly they who loved only themselves, discovered that they were loved by others. They who valued only what they could get, were valued for what they were. They who pegged out claims for their own enrichment in the rocks and the soil and the ice, were confronted by the claim of God to whom all creation belongs.

It is midnight. In the Governor's carriage Evangeline Booth is returning from Grand Forks to Dawson City. The carriage is stopped by a stranger on the lonely road and the policeman on the box is prepared to take action. The face of the stranger betrays emotion. He holds out a small object and begs that it be accepted as a token of gratitude. It is a nugget of gold.

In her activities, Evangeline Booth has been assisted by a constitution that responds with splendid loyalty to the imperious demands upon health and strength. There have been times, however,

when her energies have been overtaxed by incessant strain upon them, and in Canada there had to be a period of relaxation. It was saddened by sorrow.

The Salvation Army in a neighbouring and friendly country, the United States, was under the command of a remarkable man. Frederick St. George de Latour Booth-Tucker had been born in the purple of a great bureaucracy. He was grandson of a chairman of the East India Company and son of a judge in India. It was a position in this powerful civil service that he resigned in order to become a Salvationist. In 1888, he married Emma Moss Booth, second daughter of the Founder, and known in the Army as the Consul.

Emma Booth-Tucker was travelling to Chicago when the train ran into an open switch. The cars were wrecked and the Consul was found to be unconscious. Her injuries were fatal. Evangeline Booth attended the funeral and was asked to speak. With effort she uttered a few words of prayer, and it was an effort for which—as always—she had to pay the price. The shock of seeing what her sister had suffered—the surprise of the bereavement—for a time overwhelmed her spirit.

The loss of his wife was a cruel blow to Commissioner Booth-Tucker and his command in the United States came to an end. A saint—if ever there was one—he consecrated himself to sacrifices that recall the piety of the great ascetics, living in India as the poorest Indians live and proving that the imitation

of Christ, revealed by Thomas à Kempis, is a reality. Booth-Tucker was succeeded in the United States by Evangeline Booth on whom was conferred the title of Commander by which she was known for thirty years.

## VIII

### THE UNITED STATES

IT WAS on the evening of December 6th 1904 that Evangeline Booth—eager, alert, eloquent—appeared in the Carnegie Hall and there received her welcome to the United States. The enthusiasm was tumultuous and the Commander had every reason to be gratified with her reception.

Over the magnitude of her task, she had no illusions. She had been plunged into the greatest experiment ever undertaken by mankind. On the one hand, there lay a country of vast area and illimitable resources, reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific. On the other hand, there was poured into this country, year by year, a never ceasing flood of alien lives, numbered by the hundred thousand, which had to be assimilated somehow by a hospitable community. The variety of the civilisation thus accumulating, the complexity of its problems, astounded and sometimes appalled the sociologist. Protestants and Catholics and Jews—British and Irish and Germans and Italians and Scandinavians—whites and coloured—there they were, mingling their traditions, their prejudices and even their animosities.

Some said that here was a melting pot. Others

declared that the country was still a mining camp within which cities were improvised overnight out of the prairies. There was a maelstrom of conflicting motives—saloons versus churches—the best battling with the worst and the stake at issue was nothing less than the destiny of the new world. In an era of rugged individualism—as it was called—the President, Theodore Roosevelt, in his masterful way, wielded “the big stick.”

In the hand of Evangeline Booth, there was no big stick. Hers was the sceptre of sympathy. But it proved to be a real sceptre. Her faith was no mere fiction. It was a force. It made a difference. She preached a salvation that included a saving commonsense.

For thirty years, her sincerity and her judgment were tested by every kind of situation and at the end of that long period of service, I was asked by the *New York Times* to contribute a character sketch of one whose name was a household word throughout the country. If I venture to quote a paragraph of this article, it is because it represents what a newspaper of national and international influence, in full touch with the facts, accepted as a fair appraisal:

The personality of the new General is as complex as the vast organization for which she is now to be responsible. We see in her a remarkable duality: On the one hand, the charm,

humor, sympathy, enthusiasm, eloquence of a woman who, almost certainly, would have succeeded in achieving fame had she chosen the stage to be her career; on the other hand, the tenacious purpose, the unwavering faith, the decisive and persevering and disciplined statesmanship of an able executive. "Always go to the top," is her motto in dealing with enterprises other than her own; "see the head." And that is one reason why she is herself at the top.

People used to describe the General as "an angel" of help and comfort. It was a compliment that she disclaimed. She has always dreamed her dreams of a "better world" but she likes to add, "angels are very beautiful—in their own land. They are too good for earth. They fly too high. I try to keep my feet on the ground."

It is an instance of the whimsical humour that seldom fails the General. Whether she stands on the platform or faces the reporters or converses in her home, she flavors what she has to say with a smile as shrewd as it is winning and with a ready repartee.

In a land where oratory is among the glories of democracy, the eloquence of Evangeline Booth was an invaluable asset. Wherever she went, she was heard by all who could crowd into the biggest halls and her audiences included the leaders of the nation.

At Washington, it is a simple fact that the public appearances of the Commander drew men and women of every position—from the White House, the Supreme Court, the Embassies, Congress—into the audience, and she was heard, not only with admiration but with a growing personal respect. It used to be said of some great general that "his words were half battles." The words of Evangeline Booth are not merely language. Grave or gay, they have always been used as weapons in the Holy War.

In the United States as in Canada, the Salvation Army, recruited by redemption, was mobilised for active service. It was ready at any time to deal with emergencies nor was it long before the emergency arose.

In April 1906, the city of San Francisco was smitten by a terrible calamity. There was an earthquake and it was followed by a fire which reduced to ashes much of the metropolis of the far west. Property valued at £60,000,000 or \$300,000,000 was destroyed. No fewer than 300,000 people were left without a roof over their heads. There were 10,000 dead. The Provincial Headquarters of the Army, its entire equipment, its records, its social institutions and halls, were swept out of existence. The Army was itself a sufferer.

It was a Friday when the blow fell. Instantly, the Commander faced the facts and the newspapers rallied to her appeal. On the Sunday immediately following, Union Square in the heart of New York

was a mass of people. Joseph Choate had completed his service as United States Ambassador in London and he presided over the demonstration. There, in the open air, a preliminary sum of \$12,000 was collected.

The Salvation Army might have lost its buildings. But the Salvationists were still available and, with their Commander hurrying to the scene, they were greatly led. Victims amid the victims—it was they who everywhere were seen to be rendering first aid. It was an admirable illustration of identical interests—the Army, sharing and relieving the suffering of the community.

“He taught them how to live and how to die,” wrote William Somerville, the poet in a tribute to a clergyman, and of Sir Henry Lawrence, the hero of the Indian Mutiny, it was said that he knew how to die. So has it been with the Salvationists. They conquer death.

In February, 1907, Scandinavians in the Army were to hold a Congress in New York. At Providence, Rhode Island, seven officers, bound for the Congress, and three cadets on their way to the Training College embarked on a steamer, the *Larchmont*, which carried passengers over night along the coast and so to the metropolis. During the evening, the Salvationists held a meeting in the saloon, singing their songs to the accompaniment of a guitar and a mandolin. The meeting ended and the Salvationist lasses—they were seven—retired to their cabins.



A fierce gale was blowing and a few minutes later, a schooner called *The Harry Knowlton*, laden with coal, was driven into collision with the passenger boat. There was a scene of dismay. As the vessel sank, men and women fought desperately for their lives and 180 were drowned.

One memory impressed the survivors. The Salvationists knew how to die. Above the sounds of horror rose the melody of a hymn.

Jesus, lover of my soul  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is nigh.

Verse followed verse, till the end came.

Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me drink of thee.  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

Three bodies alone were recovered and, at Carnegie Hall, it was Evangeline Booth who told the story. "We make a mistake," she said, "when we say they went down. They went up. They rose as they fell."

[About the methods of Evangeline Booth, there was a cheerful humour that disarmed opposition. Looking over the records one is startled somewhat to discover an engrossed proclamation, full of resounding phrases—"whereas" and so on and so forth. It was a declaration of war against King

Beelzebub, and it did not merely denounce him. It turned the laugh against him. It wounded him with ridicule.

There would be a "sinners' week" and a "boozers' day." Not only would 54 ex-boozers appear on the platform but their Commander would genially observe that they represented more than a thousand years of drunkenness. To such triumphant gaiety there was no answer. It was irresistible.

During the year 1911 it was obvious that Evangeline Booth had won her place in the United States. President and Mrs. Taft attended one of her meetings in Washington and, with an escort of officers, she was received at the White House. A memorable occasion was a sale of gifts. Mrs. Taft contributed a silk flag which she had made and there was much interest in a garment that had come from England. It was knitted by the hands of a friend of the Army—one who is to-day honoured throughout the world as Her Majesty, Queen Mary.

## IX

### THE WAR

I HAVE been glancing over a file of the *War Cry*, packed with detail—photographs, ejaculations, appeals, anecdotes; and out of this bewildering accumulation of record, it is the idea that emerges—a new conception of what is worth while in human life—not wealth, not territory, not power, but the use of wealth, of territory, of power—not merely material advantages, but fatherhood, motherhood, childhood, love—all the noble human emotions and affections which are radiant within the home—the clean decencies that should pervade the school and college—the courage and enterprize that are essential to an advancing civilisation—in a word, character. The Salvation Army is among the forces that are striving to uphold the character of mankind.

As I passed from volume to volume of the *War Cry*, I asked myself how much of this newspaper of salvation would supply material for quotation, and I was aware of a curious sensation. I looked at the date of the issue that I was reading and noticed that it fell within the summer of 1914. Yet who would have suspected it!

Had there not been a murder of an Archduke at

Serajevo? Was not that month of July filled with rumours of a world war? Were not statesmen writing their ultimatums and preparing their mobilisations? Where in the *War Cry* was there a hint of the imminent Armageddon?

"Let me remind you," said the General when I referred to the matter, "of what actually happened during that summer of 1914. I was visiting London myself and have every reason for preserving a vivid recollection. We need not be surprized that Salvationists did not concern themselves unduly with the European crisis. They had a crisis of their own and it kept them busy.

"There were those who said that the Salvation Army would break up at my Father's death," continued the General. "They were wrong. The Salvation Army did not and does not depend on individuals. It is an agent of the power of God unto Salvation and that power is divine.

"Do you not remember our great building on a vacant space at Aldwych—how it was filled to overflowing, night after night, with the multitudes who were amazed, as the press testified, by the spectacle of Salvationists from all important countries—European, American, Asiatic, African, Australian gathered in their international Congress? The newspapers were confessedly taken aback by the processions, with scores of bands and picturesque costumes, all demonstrating that Christ meets the need of man however civilised and however simple he may be.

It makes no difference when it comes to the penitent form and the regenerated life that follows.

"The Salvation Army had no difficulty with rival nations—French and Germans, Japanese and Americans—they marched together behind one Flag whereupon was inscribed—'The World for God.'"

Incalculable was the heroism evoked by the emotions of the World War. Within the Salvation Army, few in numbers yet indomitable in purpose, there was a heroism that pervaded the daily round and common task of life. The International Congress was inaugurated by a great disaster. For the second time, the Salvationists in the United States had to face the terror of the sea. In the River St. Lawrence, that most magnificent of all the world's waterways, a great liner, *The Empress of Ireland* was rammed by a collier. In fourteen minutes, the vessel foundered. There were 130 Salvationist officers on board and, like the rest of the passengers, most of them were drowned.

It is characteristic of the Army that the Memorial Service was dominated by the word "Victory"—that immediately volunteers were available—men and women who asked to take the place of "the promoted to glory"—that "the war was waked anew." A great sorrow was transfigured into a renewed consecration.

In London, Commander Booth took the people by surprise. They had known her as the flowergirl in rags, as the intrepid "lassie" who shrank from no

slum and dared to rebuke the drunks in the public houses. They now saw her as a woman of ability and of experience who had handled large enterprizes—one who could “give the salute” and “take the salute.” The Salvation Army did not merely express a desire to be good. It asserted the achievement of good and, on a horse, Evangeline Booth led a company of Salvationist rough riders from the western states of America, riding as well as the best of them. The gospel of the Grace of God had been carried to the covered wagon, to the cattle ranch and to the lumber camp.

When the war broke over Europe, Evangeline Booth was fulfilling her responsibilities in a neutral country. But she professed a faith that demands a sense of obligation to God and man. Here was a collapse of Christendom. It happened to be European Christendom. But did this mean that no duty lay on America? Was there to be heard once more the question of Cain—am I my brother’s keeper?

The duty was simply expressed. There was organised an Old Linen Campaign and shipments of lint arrived in Brussels, Paris and Berlin. The acknowledgments were significant. Nations bitterly fighting one another were united in gratitude to the Salvation Army. Also, there were official comments on what some people would call a technical detail. It was noticed that the supplies were efficiently packed and accurately invoiced. The Salvation Army knew its business.

In 1917, the United States entered the war as a belligerent and a grave decision had to be made by the Commander of the Salvation Army in the Republic. Was the Army or was it not to accompany the American Expeditionary Force? Evangeline Booth did not hesitate. Into whatever danger the men of America might be called by duty there would the Salvationists be found at their side.

The services of the Army were offered to President Wilson. He was informed that more than "30,000 men in active service, chiefly engaged in hospital, kitchen, ambulance" had been supplied already by Great Britain alone, and that American Salvationists were no less ready to play their part. Many were the services that they were qualified to render. They might be appointed as chaplains. They might be included in the Red Cross. They might be responsible for huts and hostels and canteens. They might minister to prisoners of war. Not that there was to be any dodging of the draft. Salvationists were ready to be "defenders of their native country, giving active service on the firing line in many different regiments."

By the month of August, 1917, the Salvation Army in the United States had spent \$900,000 on 200 rest rooms, 183 hut tents, 70 hostels and 35 ambulances. Every week 300,000 soldiers received hospitality and this was only a beginning. Salvationists, men and women, accompanied the American Army to France facing the horrors of a dreadful

struggle. Nor has there been a doubt as to the impression they created. After the war, there was a parade in Washington and 200 of the wounded from a base hospital, occupied a grand stand. Many of them were tragically wounded—some had lost a limb—others were blinded—but when the Salvationist contingent marched past, these sadly stricken boys rose in a body and cheered. In their spontaneous way, they acknowledged a faith that, amid the fury of man, revealed the Fatherhood of God.

(The United States endorsed the moving tribute of those wounded men. From coast to coast, the nation subscribed what in effect was a testimonial to the Salvation Army. It yielded \$13,000,000 and the whole of this large sum was dedicated by the Army to developing means for a larger service to the community.

Confidence in the Salvation Army pervaded all ranks of society. In New York, there is held the National Horse Show. It was the custom of the directors to hand over the gross receipts to the most approved charitable enterprize of the year and, in 1919, the Salvation Army was selected. The Prince of Wales—then visiting the United States—was an illustrious guest and it was arranged that the Army should receive His Royal Highness. He had a conversation with the Commander who, during the proceedings, sat at his side. Nor has there been any doubt as to the appreciative opinion of the Army's



work and influence then intimated to the Commander.

Some years later, the United States Army and Navy had a little difference over their rivalry at football and their annual game was suspended. After suitable negotiation, the contests were resumed and, at the first of the combats, the gate money was handed over to the Salvation Army!

Among millions of the people in France, there has been, since her great revolution, a profound scepticism over religion. The Salvation Army, during the war, somehow impressed the French imagination. The Army was international. It was the friend of all peoples. But it was loyal. It could be trusted by the patriot within his own country.

Evangeline Booth in her uniform—shrewd, cheerful, sympathetic, eloquent—symbolised the Army for France and dramatised its activities. She was an idealist. The Army preached the eternal. But this idealism could be visualised in the immediate. It was prompt, punctual, precise. Its achievements were concrete.

At Victory Parades, Marshal Foch, and General Pershing and Earl Haig included Evangeline Booth in their comradeship. Up the historic nave of Notre Dame, she marched in their company—a soldier amid the soldiers—as erect, as correct in her military bearing as were they.

At the Arc de Triomphe, the Unknown Soldier of France is enshrined. He lies where tread number-

less feet of the nation and wreathes are laid on his honoured grave. He belongs to France.

On that hallowed spot, liturgy lies outside the ritual of reverence. Over the tomb, no prayer had been uttered. There came a day when the Salvation Army was permitted to add one more to the tributes of affectionate gratitude which everywhere perpetuate the memory of the Unknown Soldier. Evangeline Booth saluted the grave. In her heart, there surged an irrepressible yearning for the greater good of all peoples. That soldier belonged to France. But did not France belong to God?

The Salvationists, greatly daring, sang one of their hymns. The Commander knelt and a woman's voice, uttering the French language, broke the secular silence. The French soldiers, standing at attention, were deeply moved—and not only by amazement. Some of them were moved to tears.

## X

### THE COMMANDER

WELL do I remember the appearance of Evangeline Booth as she stood at her Father's grave. Slim and soldierly, with fair hair tumbling about the forehead beneath her bonnet, she might still have been the young girl who—not so long before—had won a place in millions of hearts as the angel of the slums.

About her enunciation as she prayed and her demeanour as she confronted the crowds, struggling with her tears, there was a gracious deference towards God and man which revealed the inward humility that is the strength of a leader.

I did not see Commander Booth again for fifteen years and then it was in New York. A motor accident had all but cost her life. She lay on a couch recovering and many things—among them a world war—had happened in the meantime.

The Commander was suffering from shock. It was the sensitive side of her nature that was revealed—weariness—anxiety—perplexity. It was a help to me to witness her courage amid discouragement. An unconquerable purpose seemed to sing in her speech like an overtone

And when the fight is fierce, the warfare long,  
steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
and hearts are brave again and hands are strong,  
Alleluia.

Years ago I was in Fleet Street where newspapers are published. I have to confess quite frankly that, among editors and their staffs, the Salvation Army was sometimes regarded as a worry. A policy was adopted at international headquarters which as journalists, we resented. If in the course of our professional duty, we mentioned any matter that was held to be detrimental to the Army, we got the idea that complaints were made to people higher up on newspapers. Yet the Army was conducting vast social schemes of betterment. It was entrusted with large sums of public money. It was influential over multitudes of human lives, employed or relieved by various agencies. We considered that, as servants of opinion, the journalist has a right and a duty to adopt an attitude of detachment in his approach to such an enterprise.

I am not saying that the Salvationists in London—many of whom were my friends—for all of whom I entertained a feeling that I can only describe as reverence—in them I found what was better than I had ever managed to be—were different in their treatment of the press from other groups of people, carrying on affairs, both sacred and secular. But, on freedom of observation and record, as it seems to

me, a journalist, worth his salt, can make no compromise. That freedom is to him a religion.

It was with this memory in mind that I met Commander Evangeline Booth. I was not long in realising that, in dealing with a newspaper man, she was well aware of all the moves of the game. But I was much impressed by a little incident. On one occasion, I suggested that she meet a number of pressmen at lunch. She declined.

"I tried it once," she said, "and was not a success. They felt that I was trying to put them at a disadvantage. I determined that I would never do it again."

Commander Booth regards a conference with reporters as a free-for-all. She invites straight questions. She gives straight answers. She is heckled and she heckles back.

Not long ago, a representative of the press came up to her and said that there was a question which he would have much liked to ask but he thought it too personal.

"What was this question?" asked the General.

"Well," said the reporter with a touch of hesitation, "I wanted to know why you never married."

"I wish you had asked me that," laughed the General. "I had such an excellent offer of marriage, only three weeks ago."

No one who is received by the General at her desk or who sees her on the platform at some great rally where thousands greet her with warm welcome, can

doubt for a moment her dignity of bearing and sense of responsibility. But high purpose and high prestige are one thing. High hat is another.

The General has spoken to me of her attitude towards the internal dissensions in the Army of which a good deal has been heard in recent years.

"The press," she said, "has been greatly interested in what I may call our private affairs. Nor do I complain. We have nothing to hide from anybody. But I add this: We are human like other people—we have our feelings. But at least we have not allowed our difficulties to interfere with our work. Our views may not always have been the same. But nobody can say that we have withheld a helping hand from others.

"I know," she went on, "what you are going to ask me next. What about reforms? I am quite ready to give you my view of all that. The Army has insisted on the right to elect its General and that, after all, is the main thing. The only question that remains is whether there should be an association of other officers with the General in the exercise of his powers.

"My officers will testify that as Commander I always relied to the fullest extent on such association. As General that association will continue to be encouraged by me in every way and without any regard to opinions and parties, if there are any parties in the Army. The British Constitution, as you know, is largely unwritten. It depends on custom

and precedent. I shall hope to set precedents which, in the future, will be regarded as a constructive and permanent solution of what has been, at times, a problem hitherto."

The interest in the future of the Salvation Army is to-day worldwide and is all to the good. The more the Army is discussed, the better. But let us remember also that if the Army had depended on discussion, there would have been no Army at all. The question is, after all, how much is the discussion worth.

I hesitate to offer an opinion on the future of the Army. It is a presumption even to have an opinion on what, after all, is in other hands than ours. But this I may venture to suggest. There has been no split in the Army. There will be no split. That crisis lies in the past.

Sometimes it seems as if Salvationists were much harder on one another than anybody outside the Army would be. Their family quarrels, such as they are, show what a real—what a happy family they are. Somebody is always forgiving somebody else.

Not that I would evade a point. I have read as much as most people about all the Generals in the Army—William Booth the Founder. Bramwell Booth, his son, Edward J. Higgins who was Bramwell Booth's Chief of Staff, and Evangeline Booth. I believe that all of them have been and are among the honoured personalities of our time.

About Bramwell Booth, there is not and never has been any serious difference of opinion among those who observed and admired his life work. He was a man of immense energy, deep sense of responsibility, genuine piety and kindly humour. He had to struggle against a deafness which would have been a more serious handicap, had it not been for the comradeship of his devoted wife. But it is not easy to dissent from the view of the late Lord Davidson—for so long, Archbishop of Canterbury—that General Bramwell Booth did not appear fully to realise the wisdom of withdrawing from an arduous position when health and strength are denied. Also, I am among those who believe, rightly or wrongly, that the General ought not to appoint his own successor. The Pope does not appoint his own successor. Nor does the President of the United States. In the British Empire, the succession, though hereditary, is determined by Act of Parliament.

Evangeline Booth was convinced that some more reasonable arrangement than the famous "sealed envelope" must be made for the appointment of General. Events have shown that she and they who acted with her in what was called the reform movement, were right.

The Army appears to be a centralised organisation, and so it is. But the human body also is centralised—like the Body of Christ, it is one and indivisible. Yet every part is essential to the whole and the health of the body depends on the health of



the members. Salvationists, as a rule, work in small groups. Sometimes they are alone in their work, and at every point, the system depends upon the reliability—the initiative—of the individual. The High Council of the Salvation Army has justified itself, not merely as the instrument for appointing the General. Like the Imperial Conference, which brings together the British Commonwealth of Nations and the League of Nations itself, it is invaluable to the unity of a farflung crusade.

It is the spectacular aspect of the Salvation Army that the world sees—the rallies, the marching, the pageants. Behind all this, there is a solid structure of persistent labour.

Evangeline Booth expects others to work hard and she works hard herself. Her worst enemy—if she has one—cannot accuse her of slackening, even for a single day. In body and mind, she is incessantly active, never going to sleep without a Bible, a scribbling pad, music paper and pencil at her bedside. It is in the quiet of the night that her ideas often develope.

It is with the utmost freedom that the General discusses the Army, and never is her table talk more interesting than when she alludes to her Father. On one occasion I asked her to put into simple words what she considers to have been the secret of her Father's peculiarly compelling personality.

"Is not this world," she said, "full of people who work out theories and expound dogmas and under-

take all manner of activities? My Father had no objection to these people. Indeed—with a smile—“he was always ready to make good use of their brains and their money and their influence.

“But it was his special call to deal with life as an emergency. It was all very well for the botanist to peer at a nettle through a microscope. But nettles have stings. They have to be grasped and my Father was one who never hesitated to grasp the nettle.”

It is the fashion in these days to dismiss revivals as an obsolete superstition. People question whether anyone ever has been or can be “soundly converted” and such transformations of character are studied by the psychologist merely as interesting—possibly delusive—phenomena.

“There is no doubt” said the General “as to the reality of life-changing. The Salvation Army is itself a result of conversions. Indeed, the reality of conversion under our Flag has led to curious ideas about the Salvation Army. People sometimes jump to the conclusion that all of us have been saved from drink or some disgraceful weakness. I have even heard it suggested that all of our lassies—as they are called—were rescued off the streets.”

The idea appealed to the new General’s never failing humour and she added:

“It is quite true that I spent much of my girlhood in the public houses of London, but I did not go there to drink. I went to sing the songs of emanci-

pation from drink and to preach the power of a gospel which can and does liberate the victims of drink and any other temptation that besets and degrades the individual.

"Our officers and soldiers include many whose chains have been broken asunder, whose characters have been restored, whose reputations have been won back. But many Salvationists are to-day the children and grandchildren of Salvationists. Others have brought into the Army great gifts of mind and body which they have dedicated to our Flag. Whatever the background, whether of character or of environment, our firm faith is that all have been converted, all have turned from sin to God.

"We have in our ranks both the Peters and the Pauls, and the tendency is for us to receive candidates for training who belong to a better educated class than formerly. In the United States—if I may illustrate the situation from what happens to have been my own experience—we have received many high school girls.

"We make a great mistake when we suppose that drink and drugs and vice and crime are the only sins. A selfish and aimless life—is not that a sin? A failure in the home—is not that a sin? We who kneel at the penitent form with those who seek salvation, whose consciences give them no rest, who desire, often in tears, to make their peace with God, learn daily how prevalent is the disease of the soul and how varied are its symptoms."

Salvation as proclaimed by the Salvationist is no merely academic theory. He holds that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. No one has been all that he might have been. Sin is defined as something more than misfortune. It is fault and it implies guilt. Over the guilt of sin, the conscience even if lethargic, must be uneasy and to awaken the conscience, is a duty of evangelism.

The belief of the Salvation Army is that sins confessed at the penitent form or anywhere else—sins truly confessed and repented—are forgiven by God, that Our Saviour died on the Cross as the Lamb of God in order to bear away the sin of the world, that He achieved this atonement between man and God, and that man can claim an absolute pardon from sin and a no less absolute power to overcome sin. Countless people, of all ages and races and religions, have found this release from sin to be a fact in their lives and—with health regained, both moral and often physical—have rejoiced in a new liberty as the redeemed children of the one Father of All.

I asked the new General what she had to say about the permanence of conversions. Did they last?

“Well,” she answered, “the Salvation Army has lasted. Our record is the answer to your question and the record arises out of our principles.”

I put it to the General that a criticism of Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress*—just or unjust—has been

that Christian, in that allegory, was chiefly interested in finding his own way to heaven.

"I am aware," she said, "of the idea that some people suppose that salvation is a kind of rugged individualism applied to religion—that a man is saved for his own sake. This has never been and is not now the idea on which we seek and share salvation. Saved to save—that is how we understand the gospel. The Salvationist receives the gift of life in order to bear that gift to the uttermost ends of the earth.

"Salvationists have little use for a Christian who is of no use to the community. They ask whether he is what they mean by a Christian. What is this so-called Christianity in which all is taken and nothing given?

"Salvationists hold that even a poor man who gives what he is, matters more to the world than a rich man who keeps things to himself, and they declare that people of modest means and average minds can, by goodwill, make a great difference to the world in which we have to live."

"Have not times changed?" I asked. "Is there not a new science called psychology which suggests that the need for conversion is not quite what it used to be?"

"During these seventy years, there have been many changes in civilisation—changes that would amaze us if we did not become so easily accustomed to them. It has been the most prolific period in the

annals of mankind. Yet our experience of what we describe as progress has included the bitter as well as the sweet. We have elaborated education and recreation and many beneficial amenities. But we have to face grave emergencies—moral, economic, domestic—and multitudes are murmuring in their hearts, if not uttering with their lips, the question which, in one form or another, is the same for all generations, ‘what must I do to be saved?’ That is the question to which Salvationists are convinced with an unshakeable faith that the gospel which they preach and honestly endeavour to practise affords a final answer.”

I suggested to the General that she should look back at her thirty years in the United States and sum up in a sentence her impression of all that she has seen and done—the amazing growth of the Army during these years—its numerous and varied activities. She replied;

“I have seen this nation in peace and war. I have seen her in periods of prosperity and periods of depression. I have seen her illusions and her disillusion. And as it seems to me, the Salvation Army has tried to add one little word—may I call it a missing word—to the Declaration of Independence?

“That immortal instrument of aspiration belongs no longer to one nation. It is among the charters of mankind. Everywhere the community is recognising that the pursuit of happiness must be in-

cluded among the unalienable rights of all people. But how is happiness to be pursued? Is not the Salvation Army assisting true progress and maintaining genuine wellbeing when it keeps before the nations the simple and compelling idea that the pursuit of happiness will fail unless it includes the happiness of others?"

## XI

### UNDER THE FLAG

**E**VANGELINE BOOTH would be the first to insist that the officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army are more important than the General. It is they who, often in isolation, have to fight a lonely battle with the world around them and with the self within.

On receiving his commission, an officer of the Salvation Army takes a pledge of consecration in the following or similar words:

I GIVE myself to GOD, and here and now bind myself to HIM in a solemn Covenant.

*I will love, trust and serve Him supremely so long as I live.*

*I will live to win souls, and I will not permit anything to turn me aside from seeking their Salvation as the first great purpose of my life.*

*I will be true to The Salvation Army, and the principles represented by its Flag under which I make this Life-Covenant.*



Opinion throughout the world seems to have arrived at a definite conclusion about the officers thus enrolled. It is that they have become an invaluable body of public servants, ready to undertake any task which may arise under the call of duty.

Take your own city wherever it be. Suppose that, as an experiment, you make yourself personally acquainted with Salvationists who happen to be your neighbours. Do not worry, for the moment, about their beliefs or the system within which they are seeking a solution of the problems of life. What are these officers as individuals?

You will discover, unless I am much mistaken, that they are people of deep conviction. They put themselves under severe discipline. They deny themselves many recreations. Yet they are, as a rule, curiously easy to get on with. So far as they can, they will do anything worth doing for anybody, and people who criticise the shams of civilisation—sacred and secular—often have a good word to say for the Salvation Army. To put the case in one word, they are humble. They think that they have found the greatest of all good. They wish to share it with everyone else. But that good is not in themselves.

It is, after all, the motive that matters. These officers of the Salvation Army are human like the rest of us. But their objective is a genuine objective. They do really and truly desire, if they can, to promote the greatest, the most abounding benefit

of all. The Army does not ask that anyone shall be made poorer, even in worldly possessions. On the contrary, the passionate desire of the Army has always been that the gifts of God to man, whatever they be—intellect, health, beauty, money, opportunity—may be most richly enjoyed by fullest use. Reading the newspapers, day by day, and following the stories of wasted wealth, blighted happiness, and reckless speculation in the glittering casino of success where frivolity is the prevalent fashion, often have I thought of what they who merely gamble in pleasure are missing, when they ignore the most absorbing adventure of all—a worldwide agency of sympathy and help, of wise rebuke and tenderly effective redemption.

Salvationists have a habit of talking about their great Army, its numerous agencies and all the rest of it. What impresses me, is not the magnitude of this movement but its smallness. Compared with the population of the world, the Salvation Army is a mere drop in the bucket. The officers could barely provide man-power for one Army corps in a modern war.

The reason is simple. The Army insists on quality first and quantity afterwards. Not many are willing to submit to its discipline and forego customary pleasures.

But the very insignificance of the Army in numbers, emphasises its significance in service. How much more important to humanity is a single Army

Corps consecrated to life than a hundred Army corps condemned to death!

Everywhere the fight is an uphill fight. Everywhere the odds are against victory. But this is the kind of fight that fascinates. People spend huge sums of money on the breeding of horses, cattle and dogs, on the culture of flowers, on the collection of pottery and bronzes. The Salvationist is a connoisseur in what matters more than all of these. He seeks lost lives.

No one, except by experience, can have any idea of the rapture in the heart which comes to a man or woman who sees some drunkard restored to his family, some jailbird in regular employment, some girl with self-respect once more in her face. It is like winning a great game and this is the reward of the Salvationist. One reads the *War Cry*—week by week—year by year. It is filled with records of what this or that officer has been instrumental in doing. It is the journalism of comradeship. Everybody seems to be anxious to encourage everybody else by giving him, when he deserves it, a pat on the back. Every such encouragement is inspired by joy over a life reclaimed or assisted.

What is so evident in many Salvationists, is their attitude towards advancing years. They seem to have accumulated a fortune which continues to accumulate. That artist is symbolism—G. F. Watts—once painted a dead man lying still and silent under a rich shroud of opulence, and for the picture, he

chose the motto *What I saved, I lost; what I spent, I had; what I gave I have*. The faith of the Salvationist is that Christ gave to the world all that is truly meant by life, and that he must give back to Christ a life thus redeemed. It is not untrue to say that they who have made the greatest sacrifices for the Army seem least to regret it afterwards, and they who have received the greatest blessings, are the least inclined to disillusion.

In the Great War, there arose a new conception of what was required of a soldier. He was still under discipline. But he attacked no longer in close formation. Among airmen, in the artillery, along the trenches, over the top, in no-man's land, duty required initiative.

Initiative is the duty of a Salvationist. Their service is so varied and has to be so rapidly improvised, when emergencies arise, that initiative is developed by circumstances themselves.

But it is the initiative within an organization, and Salvationists are in no doubt as to what that organization should be. They consider that they cannot be militant unless they are military nor do I see the rest of us should raise objections. Let the Salvationists do their work in the way that, as they think, they do it most efficiently.

It is in the perspective of history that we should look at the matter. Militancy in the service of God and man is by no means a new idea. There is the hymn by Baring Gould in which all of us sing that

"like a mighty army moves the Church of God." Why should not the Salvation Army move a little faster, in some ways, than the Church of God as a whole? Was it not St. Paul who described the equipment of the Christian soldier? There have been numerous religious orders in which a quasi-military obedience is required. The Methodists were only called Methodists because there was method in what so many people regarded, at the outset, as their madness. The Quakers were only called Quakers because they adopted a rule of life which distinguished them from the rest of the community. And the Quakers, despite all their love of peace, wore bonnets and a distinctive costume.

If I were asked to offer an explanation of this military method of spreading the gospel, I would adopt the famous defence of Cardinal Newman of authority in religion. It is strange to think that, at the very moment when the Salvation Army was founded, he wrote that "there is nothing to surprize the mind if He (God) should introduce into the world . . . direct immediate, active and prompt . . . an instrument suited to the need." Cardinal Newman was referring, of course, to the ancient and historic Church within which he was so illustrious a Convert. But it would not be easy to find words that better express the reason for the organised discipline of the Salvation Army.

The water that has flowed past the mill-wheel is not what here concerns us. Retrospect—however

dramatic—must be subordinate to prospect. It is the onward march of the Salvation Army, not the backward glance, that will help mankind.

The present position may be simply stated. The Salvation Army is at work in 88 countries. Salvation is preached in 83 languages. There are 16,418 corps and outposts. There are 32 naval and military homes. There are 1,605 social agencies and 1,041 day schools. There are 26,350 officers and cadets. There are 9,090 persons wholly employed, but without rank. There are 107,494 local officers or soldiers, engaged in secular pursuits. There are 48,000 bandsmen, 72,000 songsters and 33,000 corp cadets. There are 131 newspapers with a combined circulation of 1,600,000.

Those figures in the aggregate represent an enormous investment of human life—hopes, efforts, health—in an organisation; and, on the whole, it is true to say two things. First, the Salvation Army is recruited outside the churches. It really does add to the sum total of faith in the world. Secondly, it influences many people who, for various reasons, do not join the Army. In many thousands of cases, these people, after receiving help, spiritual or material, are found in the churches or in honourable positions throughout the community.

## XII

### UNDER THE SEARCHLIGHT

THESE are days when, especially in the United States, everything has to be investigated. Professors in their armchairs pioneer for knowledge as their forefathers pioneered over the prairie, and research is a kind of covered wagon which, for multitudes, is their only intellectual and spiritual home.

Many books and pamphlets have been written in praise and blame of trade unions, of foreign missions, of hospitals, nor has the Salvation Army escaped this scrutiny. It has been subjected to the third degree. In fact, it does not seem possible for any survey of social conditions to be complete without including the work and—no less important than the work—the aims of the Salvation Army.

There is one verdict which for several reasons, has greatly influenced my own mind. It is a verdict on the Salvation Army in the United States for which Evangeline Booth has been responsible during a period of thirty years. It is a verdict from a responsible source which is entirely independent of Salvationist influence. The verdict is expressed in

terms of culture and reason, not sentiment and emotion. It is what sometimes we call highbrow. The verdict is discriminating and includes a good deal of constructive suggestion which—it is admitted—the Salvation Army always welcomes. What concerns us here is the main issue.

The National Information Bureau was an agency of research associated with Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Junior. Two investigators Porter R. Lee and Walter W. Pettit of the New York School of Social Work conducted an investigation and published a report entitled *Social Service: A Study of the Central Organisation and Administration of the Salvation Army*. Let us hear what they say.

They find that the Salvation Army is “fundamentally spiritual in its aim.” They allude to “its magnification of the evangelisation of men.” They state that it “has developed a self-contained brotherhood which has an enormous spiritual driving power.” They speak of “a remarkable spirit of devotion to the Army’s program and the morale which has been developed.” This, they add, “could well furnish material for study to other social and religious organisations.”

They declare that the “sole purpose” of the Army “is the bringing of men into right relationship with God” and “keeping them there.” And now let us see what they add. I am aware that it is the fashion to skip quotation. Here is a quotation that should be read in full:



It has weathered a long experience of vituperation and ridicule amounting almost to persecution, and has steadily grown in the respect of outside people. It has maintained its original form of organisation without modification, and it exhibits throughout its personnel an altogether remarkable unity of purpose. If this record be considered in connection with these facts: that through practically all of its history its uniformed officers have been for the most part men and women of limited education, limited experience in life, limited culture, that the government of the Army, not only with reference to its official work but with reference to the private lives of its personnel, is one of the absolute authority of a military system, that its soldier membership has been recruited in the main from the least privileged groups in the community, that the officer of highest rank, a colonel, receives only \$29.50 a week, that to be an officer means the forswearing forever of intoxicating liquor, drugs, tobacco, profanity, impurity, and the common forms of organised recreation, it becomes evident that the Army must have within itself a cohesive force of remarkable quality.

In what I have been writing about the Army, there is nothing that is inconsistent with—nothing that is so convincing as that glowing tribute from

investigators who have approached the Army from the outside and given an honest account of their observations.

There is an offence known as collecting money and receiving money under false pretences against which the community has to protect itself. In the streets, many people are always ready to solicit funds for objects which may be fantastic or fraudulent. The Salvation Army in the United States under the control of Commander Booth has been more than careful to uphold the strictest standards of accountancy.

There have been occasions when the Army has had to face, not merely impartial enquiry, but a hostile prejudice. These incidents occurred in the early days and it is merely as illustrations that they are here recalled. In Boston, objection was raised to the collection of money in the streets for Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners. The only result was that the public subscribed the more generously for this social hospitality.

In California, a somewhat similar and more serious action was taken, and the Salvation Army had to appeal to the Supreme Court of the State of California. That tribunal is, one need hardly say, entirely independent of the Army. But it issued a judgment, based on evidence submitted and expressive of public opinion, which was outspoken in its appreciation of the human realities. These are days when religion is described sometimes as "the nar-

cotic of the people." Here is a judicial pronouncement on religion as it is apparent in the Salvation Army:

For twenty-five years it has prosecuted its religious and charitable work in the city of Los Angeles. It there maintains an "Industrial Home," where men out of employment are given food and lodging without charge, but are required, for their own self-respect and to the end that mere professional beggary be not fostered, to perform such labour as is within their power, being paid the value thereof. It maintains a "Rescue Home and Maternity Hospital," in which, without charge, food, lodgings and hospital service are afforded needy married women and unfortunate girls. It maintains a "Young Woman's Boarding Home," giving for an extremely low price to homeless girls and women clean, wholesome food and lodging and helpful moral influences. It maintains four other hotels and lodging-houses, where the destitute are housed and homed free of charge, and where but a small charge is exacted from those able to pay. An average of twenty-seven persons per night are given shelter in these hotels free of all charge. It also maintains nine stores, where second-hand clothing, furniture, rags, paper and junk of various kinds, contributed by the charitable,

are sold at low prices. In these stores and in the renovatory work necessary to make many contributed articles salable, employment is given to the needy, who thus become self-sustaining and self-respecting. In the years of its labours The Salvation Army has acquired properties of much value in Los Angeles, all of which are used for one or another of the described purposes. It has alleviated suffering, and given relief and employment in thousands of cases. Its books of financial account are and always have been open to the inspection and examination of its contributors, and no one of those contributors has ever voiced any complaint touching the honesty and efficiency of The Army's administrative work.

Here is a great and living charity, doing good to thousands of the needy and heavy laden of Los Angeles, struck dead because it does not make over the management of its affairs to a local board of "representative citizens," and cannot agree that it will dispense the bounty which it received exclusively for local purposes. Charity is not only to begin at home, saving as under "permit" it may be suffered to go abroad. The quality of Mercy (and so necessarily of Charity) we are told

is not strained;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven  
Upon the place beneath.

### XIII

#### THE FIRST WOMAN GENERAL

**A**T A moment of great difficulty, Edward J. Higgins, Chief-of-Staff to Bramwell Booth, was elected General of the Salvation Army. Legislation affecting the Army was introduced into Parliament and the dignity of General Higgins when he appeared at Westminster, his entire personality, greatly impressed the statesmen who came into contact with him. General Higgins was received in private audience by His Majesty King George V, and on the occasion of his retirement, the Duke and Duchess of York were present in the Albert Hall. It was recognised that the third General of the Salvation Army, with Mrs. Higgins, had done a great day's work for the wellbeing of the world.

It was in 1934 that Evangeline Booth was elected to succeed General Higgins. In accepting that great honour, she was involved in corresponding sacrifices. A home to which she was attached by long association has had to be left behind. Friends innumerable, who would do anything for her as Commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, are no longer at her side. It has been a great break but there is something of the grand impetuosity of youth

in the wholehearted enthusiasm with which Evangeline Booth has thrown herself into her last and biggest battle for the Kingdom of God.

I have quoted the covenant of consecration into which officers of the Salvation Army enter when they receive their Commission. Let us read the Covenant which, before the High Council, was uttered by the General as she assumed her office. It is what Haig would have called a "Back-to-the-Wall" Order of the Day; and it reveals the very soul of Evangeline Booth as she offered her life once more and without reserve, to the cause of Christ:

"As you know, I began my service to God at a very early age, and as you also know, I have lived a long life, not one hour of which has been spent out of the Army.

"As it is with most of those who have desired to accomplish great things, I have struggled with a painful sense of the limitations of my natural gifts.

"But I think I can say here, this morning, to the glory of Christ whose 'love constraineth us' that if anyone has witnessed effort multiplied a hundred-fold, if anyone has seen adversity bring forth blessing; if anyone has beheld a small thing assume influences and powers that were mighty, surely it is I!

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"God has been good to me. In times when I could not see His Face, He has been good to me.

He has kept in my soul a steadfastness of faith that has brought down through the years that compelling force which predominates, influences, and permeates all beside—that force, the master-passion of the Cross!

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

“While I take this election to indicate that I am chosen of God and of you to be your General. I discern in this elevation the injunction of our Lord Himself. . . .

Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.

“These words constrain me here this morning to make a covenant with you, that you may know something of what is my thought as to my service to you.

“By the constraint of His love, I will serve you in a ministry of holiness—joyful and earnest—and all compelling in moral power.

“I will seek to proclaim the old truths with new energy and with a new vitality.

“I will seek to preach among you the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Not with faltering tongue, or unsound or questionable teaching, but I will preach it as the Apostles of old preached it—the one controlling principle of the soul; the one motive-power; mighty in life, the source of all morals, the

inspiration of all charity, the sanctifier of every relationship and the sweetness of every toil.

"I will preach it with a heart of constancy that will change not.

"I will preach it in the spirit of prayer that I may minister unto Divine aid.

"Every impulse of my being shall be to this end. Every talent I possess, every physical, mental and spiritual gift with which God has endowed me, I consecrate to this one purpose.

"I will ask no privileges, I will seek no honours, I will accept no benefits, I will look for no friends but such as will help me to minister to you—the leaders of the Army at the different points of our world-embracing battlefield—a ministry that will help you to bring the Kingdom of God on earth in the hearts and lives of men.

"I will give no time, I will expend no energies—I will not even pray prayers that will not help me to bring the Kingdom of God on earth in the hearts and lives of men.

"I will be among you also 'as one that serveth.' You shall not find me lacking in rendering you separately, or as a body, together with those dear to you, any service of which I am capable that is in harmony with your high calling and with my office.

"But, standing upon my knowledge of the all-sufficient grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I do not hesitate also to promise that in every sense I will be



to you a Leader in the great trust which your choice has imposed upon me.

"You will ever find me in the front. You will find me in the foremost line of our warfare's most heated conflict, whatever form that conflict may take.

"Whether it be seeking to unravel the knotty entanglements of the sorest problems of my executive office; whether it be along the firing-line of attack upon the enemies of Christ on public fields; or whether it be in the position of butting off the shell and shot of harm to our Organisation, or to our humblest soldiery, I am determined that none shall be before me. None shall surpass me in toil. None shall surpass me in sacrifice. None shall surpass me in abandonment of self.

"Here this morning, with prayerful deliberation, in the presence of this important assembly, and in the presence of God, I dedicate every power I possess, for life or for death, to the stupendous obligation of filling the office to which I am called, with fidelity, with purity, and with wisdom, so that the blessed life-giving streams of our Organisation shall reach farther points; shall be more widely spread, and that our Army, in this day of strife and struggle, political upheaval, economic distresses, and human sorrows, shall sound forth to the world with a more clarion note than ever before the trumpets of 'Peace on earth' and 'Glory to God in the highest.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"Now I have made my Covenants, what about you?"

"What is it I want to ask of you?"

"I want to repeat the words of Jehu: 'Is thine heart right, as my heart is with your heart? If it be, then give me thine hand.' (2 Kings 10:15)

"I want you all with me. Not one omitted.

"I want you all closely with me. Nothing between. Undividedly with me. No reservations. Wholesouledly with me. Nothing withheld.

"If all are friends in this room, but one, then I have one friend too few. Let not a single heart be set against me.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This General-arrangement is the nearest to the marriage-altar I have ever come. You have taken me for 'better or for worse.' Now try me, and see how much 'better' you will find me, and how little 'worse.' If more worse than you expect it won't last long.

"But do not let anyone set his heart against me before I get started!"

The election was followed by remarkable scenes. We think of the little handful of Salvationists who first landed in the United States and raised the Blood and Fire Flag. We think of Evangeline Booth fighting the battle in Canada on a stipend of 7 dollars or £1.8.0 a week. Then we see her farewell.

Madison Square Gardens in New York is a vast auditorium that holds 20,000 persons. It is only used for meetings where the largest attendance is expected. It was crowded to the last seat. The Salvationists were in full force but—in those rising tiers of seats—there were many present who were not Salvationists—leading citizens whose names carry weight,—Homer Cummings, the Attorney General, representing President Roosevelt—Mayor La Guardia, a Roman Catholic, of Italian extraction who stands for reform, generals who remember why it was that during the war, Evangeline Booth was decorated by the country with the Distinguished Service Medal, bankers, lawyers, men of business, Bishop Manning born in Northampton, England, and the clergy. In every sense of the word, it was a great occasion and the tribute to the new General was genuinely affectionate. It is no small matter that, in a metropolis, ranking with London in population, and one-third Catholic, one-third Protestant, one-third Jewish, there should have been this united recognition of goodwill revealed in the consecration of a woman's life and that, amid all the distractions of the radio in the United States, this recognition should have been broadcast from coast to coast.

It was on the *Majestic* that General Evangeline Booth sailed from the United States to Great Britain and the *Majestic* ranks second to no ship in the world's mercantile marine. In the harbours of New York, Cherbourg and Southampton, belonging to

three separate sovereignties, there was surprise over the appearance of the great liner. She was flying an additional flag. It was the flag of no nation. It was the flag of mankind—the Blood and Fire Flag of the Salvation Army with its claim of “The World For God.”

The General was deeply touched. Nobody had asked the Captain of the *Majestic* to fly that flag, and she visited him on the bridge. There she learned something of his distinguished career as a seaman. It was not the first time that he had raised the Flag of Salvation. In early days he carried that flag through the streets and stood sentinel under its shadow. There was seamanship in his mind. There was Salvation in his heart.

The welcome that the General received in Great Britain was spontaneous and enthusiastic. At a reception rally in the Albert Hall, the Lord Chancellor presided and, in the vast audience, there was but one emotion—a genuine and unreserved goodwill. Who seriously thinking the matter over and remembering how uncertain are the times in which we are living, would wish to deny that this unselfish woman, with her many gifts and her few faults, has had but one thought throughout her laborious career—to bring the need of the world within the redemptive Love of God? And as bravely she buckled on heavier armour than ever before and again led this Army of Light against the Powers of Darkness, who would not cry Godspeed and strengthen her hands

and render assistance to all who are fighting at her side? Is this a battle that any of us would wish to be lost? Who would be the happier for such a defeat? And if the battle is won, who loses? The victory—the only victory that General Evangeline Booth has ever wished the Salvation Army to achieve—is a victory for mankind.

## XIV

### THE KING'S DAUGHTER

THE Salvation Army has grown with the years into an elaborate and worldwide agency of endeavour and achievement. This agency includes tens of thousands of lives and influences tens of millions. It uses an equipment—thousands of buildings—which cost millions of money. It publishes newspapers. It undertakes heavy responsibilities, divine, human, financial. At first sight, it has been surprising to some people that the General of the Army should be a woman. There appears to be but one other communion in which during modern times, a woman has held a position of presiding influence, and this—the Church of Christ Scientist—cannot be said to enter into the comparison.

The significance of Evangeline Booth's generalship transcends the personal. It arises out of the very fundamentals on which the entire structure of the Army is based, and it is essential that these principles should be clearly understood.

To the Salvationist, it is not enough for a Christian to be classified as such. He must be consecrated. He must hold all that he is and all that he has as a trust from God to be administered for

the good of man. He is more than a citizen of the Kingdom. He is a citizen who has been enrolled as a soldier for immediate and active service. In his life of Marlborough, Mr. Churchill says that, to the great Duke, infantry was not "a thing that stood but a thing that fired." The Salvationist infantry are not content to stand. They also are "a thing that fires." The static—belief, rank, uniform—is the starting point for the dynamic.

In books of reference a "Christian" adds a digit to a column in the census. So many hundreds of millions of people in this tempestuous world, so we learn, are "Christians." The Salvation Army does not recognise such nominal Christianity. What Christendom still needs is conversion—a right-about-face—a turning from sin unto God.

The Army, though, co-ordinated as a worldwide institution, lays an especial and inescapable responsibility on the individual within its ranks. It is a totalitarian responsibility and the responsibility is no greater for men than for women. The call to women is thus inherent in the call to the individual. It is the call of Christ.

The claim of the Army on women was asserted by Catherine Booth seventy years ago. To-day that claim is fortified by a strange and instructive—some would add, an ominous—corroboration. In many countries, there has developed a secular militarism—not a Salvation Army, but an army of slaughter, and it is recognised that modern war is no longer a

merely masculine enterprise. The God of War includes women and children in his human sacrifice. If, then, women have to stand shoulder to shoulder with men in the organisation needed for armies that are equipped for death, ought they not with greater readiness to stand shoulder to shoulder with men in the Army that is equipped for life?

It is quite true that, for thousands of years, men have played a leading part in running this world. In matters of policy and administration, they have been largely responsible for determining human values. It is also evident that, in terms of happiness, the appraisal of values by men has been greatly at fault. The pages of history are crowded with schemes of statesmanship, theories of philosophy, ambitions, animosities, diplomatic embroglios, territorial enterprizes, costly beyond all calculation in blood and brain and treasure, which collapsed like colours within an ever changing kaleidoscope. These affairs were at once ephemeral within the centuries and irrelevant to what really benefits the race.

Never was a sane appraisal of human values more grievously unbalanced than it has been during our own era—a period of rapid and uncontrolled transition. Jesus Christ came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. Life should be the test of wisdom and it is life that interests a woman. In what is called the woman's movement, it is not only that a sex has arrived at emancipation. It is life itself that has been set free from its fetters—life



envisaged, not in part, but as a whole—the birth of life, its preservation, its development into greater life beyond.

It is life that has been the concern of Evangeline Booth and the Salvation Army. The judge sees the prisoner at the bar as an offender against the law. The Salvationist sees him in his cell as a son of his mother, as a husband of his wife, as a father of his children. The human race includes nations, religions, classes. But the race is a family and this world is a home.

It is not easy in England to argue against a woman as the leader of a community. The country has been served greatly by her Queens—Elizabeth, Anne, Victoria—nor is there any disinclination to look forward to the accession of another Queen, if in years far ahead, such should be the destiny within the House of Windsor.

The Christian Church has asserted the dignity of mankind. The Apostles preached the Gospel to slaves. But the slaves became the saints. The Redeemed of the Lord, however humble might be their station, were described as a royal family. Within that accepted Fatherhood of God, there were princesses as well as princes—King's Daughters as well as King's Sons—nor at that Court of Heaven, has there ever been a Salic Law that debars a woman from the succession to burdens heaviest to be borne. A woman has the same duty as man—the duty to endure.

In acceptance of obligations to the public, some families are honorably conspicuous. William and Catherine Booth prayed that their children and their children's children through all generations might dedicate themselves, body and soul, to the Gospel of Christ. Those prayers have been abundantly answered.

But no one could have made it clearer than has Evangeline Booth that she does not regard her office as a family affair. That office is in the gift—as they say in churches—of the Army itself and the Commissioners who elected the new General were men who had full knowledge of her abilities.

The General has her impulses—her moods—her outlets. Every such personality—intense in purpose and subjected to constant strain—has thus to be relieved. We talk about dying of laughter. It is laughter that keeps some people alive. The salvation of Evangeline Booth has included a saving humour.

Miss Booth is blessed with an excellent constitution. Realising that vigour is essential to the fulfilment of her task, she has for many years taken exercise on every opportunity, riding, and swimming as part of her discipline. Her illnesses have been accidents—a collision in the automobile, a fall, and last but not least, a narrow escape from drowning in Lake George. In diving, Miss Booth did not expect to find herself entangled in a submerged coil of wire fence. Happily she has made herself expert in swim-

ming under water, and she retained her self-control. It was self-control and endurance that saved her life.

They who saw her at home in New York, with her Great Dane, her Pekingese and her books, or in her cottage at Lake George, with its single living room, soon became aware that she is pursued, even in retreat, by secretaries. She may take what is called a holiday, but the clicking of typewriters proclaim the inexorable demands of an arduous office.

She is adamant on system. Underlying her association with others there is a disarming humility which, however diplomatic, is entirely genuine. She believes in consulting those who deserve to be consulted, and it is possible to speak to her freely on any point that arises. Around her council table, so her officers assure me, there is perfect freedom of expression.

There is a story of Mrs. Barnett of Toynbee Hall that I have always remembered. She was collecting pictures for one of the loan exhibitions which she arranged in Whitechapel and the wealthy owner of certain masterpieces said—"But you have picked out all of the best." Mrs. Barnett replied—and the answer surely deserves a place among the proverbs of humanity—"Only the best is good enough for the poor."

Evangeline Booth is one who has acted on the principle that only the best is good enough for the poor. Great care is taken not merely to give relief

but to build up self-respect. In his latest book, Dean Shailer Mathews of Chicago insists that it is the function of the churches in a socialised era to safeguard individuality. It is individuality on which Evangeline Booth, in her letters, her courtesies, has always set a value. And inevitably. She believes that Christ died on the cross to save the individual.

There is a characteristic which they will quickly discover who are brought into contact with her for the first time. In a great organisation, what matters more than anything else is an atmosphere of equity in dealing with individuals. If there has been confidence in Evangeline Booth during her command in the United States, it has been because her officers believe her to be fairminded. There does not seem to be intrigue, reticence, suspicion in the staff. The windows are always open to the sun and the breezes. Officers have talked with the utmost freedom of their Commander and by no means without a touch of criticism. They do not hesitate to disagree with her in conference and when the General allows herself to be persuaded—so officers say—when she surrenders to the arguments of others, she has her own way of marching onwards with all the flags flying except the white flag. She is quite ready to speak her mind to her officers but let anyone else touch them! He will learn soon enough that Evangeline Booth is the daughter of William Booth.

The influence of Evangeline Booth in the United States is the more amazing when we remember that

she has been quite the most compelling opponent in the country of drink and the most persuasive defender of Prohibition. It is an open secret that she has been besought by powerful and sympathetic friends to surrender on this question. She has refused, pointblank to lower her Flag in salute to the saloon. On this issue, the nation decided against her but admired her the more for her indomitable resolution. Anybody can have the courage to win. Evangeline Booth has the courage to lose. To me, what matters more than them all else is what sometimes has happened behind the scenes—a rich man declaring that he intends to withdraw his subscriptions from the Army unless—and Evangeline Booth telling him what happens to rich men who suppose that their riches are omnipotent over God.

## XV

### THE WORLD FOR GOD

MILLIONS of words have been written about the Salvation Army. In the press, the Army always makes good "copy." It is applauded. It is criticised. And so in books. A library is accumulating around the history of the Army, its achievements, its failures, its excellencies and its errors. Among those who have written about the Army, I recall not a few personal friends—Harold Begbie, the biographer of William Booth—Hugh Redwood, author of *God in the Slums* and William T. Stead—great among the greatest in the press whose devotion to the Army was lifelong and enthusiastic.

It is possible to regard the Army merely as an earthen vessel moulded by man out of man's common clay and liable at any moment to be shattered asunder. We may point out this and that imperfection in the surface of the earthenware and we may suggest that there is much more precious pottery in the glass-cases of our carefully guarded museums of art and literature and science and culture.

It is not in the Army as an organisation that I, for one, am primarily interested. I care little for

personalities as such and still less for controversial personalities. What fascinates me in the Army is not what it appears to be to the eye but the question whether it embraces that which is more precious than itself. Is there a treasure within this earthen vessel?

For the best part of a century, we have been trying to destroy beliefs. Some of us spend all our time criticising the churches. Others will have it that foreign missions have failed. The Sunday School is not what it was. And we have plenty of reasons for ignoring the Bible. We ask perplexing questions about God and doubt the logic, as we call it, of prayer. We are quite sure that miracles did not and do not happen, and that evangelism is a thing of the past. I do not wish to use any hard words. But how can we avoid the conclusion, emphatically asserted by people of high authority, that ours is now an era of Paganism?

I have no prejudice against Paganism. The Greek Republics were Pagan and very astonishing they were in their achievements. Imperial Rome was Pagan, and Rome was neither built nor did she disappear in a day. All that I say about Paganism is that, as a pursuit of happiness, it is no better than a second best.

I meet a good many Pagans, I read their books, and I honour them as specialists. They are experts in pessimism. Here is the feast of good things that we call life. And Paganism is uneasy unless there

be a skeleton at the feast. However abundant be the banquet of life, death must be the guest of honour.

It may be a simple table that is spread before the Salvation Army—a table prepared in the face of many enemies. But at least the cup runs over. It is goodness and mercy that follow the guests, not the skeleton at the feast—life victorious amid death, not death victorious amid life. It is the Salvationist not the sceptic, not the cynic, not the satirist who, in countless cases, has prevented suicide.

Every year there are published hundreds of the latest novels. In some of the more romantic, there are the old time hero and heroine who fall in love and marry and live happily ever after. But the fashion in novels is not romance. It is realism, and in real life, so we are urged to believe, nobody in these days lives happily at any time. The victims of circumstances in these dramas of disillusion are not always poor. Many of the most wretched characters are drawn from the rich.

I am not challenging the truth of these novels. I am ready to assume that, in many instances, they are a transcript from actuality—that many people do live a life that seems to be hardly worth the living. Well, that cannot be said of Salvationists. Not only do they find that their own lives are worth living. They help to make life worth living for other people. They are gripped by God and they grip their fellow men.



As with the individual, so with society. We read scores of books which describe the twentieth century. In these books, we are told about war guilt and the conduct of the war and the aftermath of war and the preparations for further war. Also, we learn about the collapse of capitalism and the worldwide social revolution. Wells and Spengler and Norman Angell—they are among a great cloud of witnesses who, with an almost wearisome iteration, proclaim the failure of civilisation and the perils that accompany this failure. Paganism does not contribute apparently to social stability.

The Salvation Army draws aside the veil and reveals—possibly in glimpses—the realm that this world would be if we were all to do what we can to make it the kingdom of God. Salvationists may not be able to put into words what they mean by this Utopia. But they do try to translate the thought into deed, into gestures and smiles and tears. Romance, even in these days, is not dead. The very crooning over the radio expresses, however pitifully, the yearning of the people for something more than negative. In an era when, despite all our disillusion, we gaze at the Madonna glorified in her Child, when still we preserve and even build noble cathedrals, when still the air breathes symphony from continent to continent, may we not say of the Salvation Army that it is as if a glow were radiant within the rainbow by which blended light alone are we able to live? Nor is it easy to come across anyone—what-

ever his nation, his race or his faith—who would wish seriously that such a radiance within such a rainbow of covenant between God and man—between man and his neighbour—should fade away. We accept the Salvation Army as an element in our civilisation which has added illumination to all other elements.

“One touch of nature”—says Shakespeare—“makes the whole world kin,” and sometimes we think that this is the whole truth about kinship. Shakespeare knew better than that. “A little more than kin and less than kind” ejaculated Hamlet—his touch of nature was at the sword’s point. Cain and Abel were the closest of kin. But they were less kind than David and Jonathan who were only friends.

It is not enough for downcast statesmen and moody writers endlessly to bewail the combative impulses in man which disintegrate civilisation. What is to be done, if anything, to neutralise these impulses?

Since the war, most of the talk has been about *keeping* the peace. Protocols and Treaties of Mutual Assistance, Locarno Pacts and Kellogg Pacts and Washington Agreements—all of these have been attempts to hold in leash the dogs of war, and prevent them from breaking loose, nor has Evangeline Booth failed at any time to add her influence to the demand for measures which are calculated to minimise the danger of bloodshed. She has never for-

gotten that she was born on a Christmas Day when Glory to God in the highest is accompanied by peace and goodwill among men.

Over land and sea, the General has travelled on missions of reconciliation between man and God, between man and man. Nor is it only in Great Britain and the United States—in the British Dominions—that she has been welcomed. We see her acclaimed in France. She crosses the frontier into Germany where also she has been acclaimed. She has had long audiences with the Kings of Norway and Sweden.

“I am all for Peace,” the General has said to me, “but let me make it clear that Peace is not merely a cessation of war. Peace is a dedication of life to the Prince of Peace. No Peace will ever be secure unless it be a consecrated Peace and no consecrated Peace can ever be insecure. We must regard Peace not only as a blessing to be enjoyed, but as an opportunity which lays on us all an immediate obligation.”

In seeking to abate suspicions between nations, she has followed the dictates of her heart. In 1923, there was an earthquake in Japan. Immediately, Evangeline Booth appealed in the United States for a gift to the Japanese sufferers and the Japanese have never forgotten it. When as Commander she crossed the Pacific in 1929 and visited Japan, she received a national welcome. The Emperor Hirohito granted her a private audience and she was

permitted—by his command—to wear her uniform, the bonnet included. Graphically she has described the long gallery of the palace up which she made her respectful approach to the Emperor, bowing at intervals, and the conversation through an interpreter in which, however, it was quite evident that His Majesty understood English.

The Emperor desired that she should be his guest at a garden party and she took her stand at an appointed place in the exquisite park that surrounds the palace at Tokyo and was greatly interested in an impressive scene. The guests were arranged in two lines with an avenue of green grass between them. There were several minutes of absolute silence unbroken by so much as a whisper. The Emperor then appeared, walking slowly and quite by himself an erect and solitary figure whose countenance—turning neither to right or left—suggested that he might have been alone in the universe. In his progress, he reached a point opposite where Commander Booth had been conducted. Then the Emperor turned gravely and in front of the whole company raised his hand in salute. The Commander was taken completely by surprise. With respectful promptitude she saluted in return.

“During these coming years the Salvation Army throughout the world will mobilise its forces, actively and with determined purpose, to promote reconciliation among all people. We need something more than passing resolutions in favour of peace.

We need a world-wide campaign in which churches will be urged to participate, with all citizens, for the abatement of hatreds, the removal of irritation, an oblivion for ancient grudges, and the substitution of mutual endeavour everywhere to promote the well-being of mankind."

"Is not that rather an ambitious project?" I asked. "After all, there is the League of Nations, and has it not been baffled in its efforts?"

"We are for the League. Even if it be half a League, we say 'half a League onward.' But the League should be supported. I put it to you that the clouds on the horizon would disappear if as many soldiers were enrolled in the armies of peace as there are enrolled in the armies of war. The time has come for calling the reservists of religion to the colours. Let that be the next war and there will be none other."

"Will not that zeal for peace interfere with your efforts to bring salvation to the individual?"

"Not at all," said the General—"We stand where Paul stood when he said that in the Gospel, there should be no Greek, no Jew, no Scythian, barbarian, bond nor free, since Christ is all in all. We stand where Isaiah stood when he said that the lion should lie down with the lamb and that men should turn their weapons of destruction into the instruments of prosperity. We stand where John stood when he saw the City of God with gates wide open—north, south, east and west—for peoples of all races to

enter into the joy of the Lord. The better the world, the more worth while is it to live the best life within the world, and we believe that the best life is the new life."

"Are we not told that disarmament has failed and that the League of Nations is little better?"

"Very well. If that be so, let us be up and doing. Let us win the men and women for God who will see to it that disarmament is not a failure and that the League of Nations is not a mere shadow of what it ought to be."

The method of the Army is so simple that it can be expressed in a single sentence. Mobilise the people for well being and they will have no time to think of anything else. Do not abolish the combative in man. Organise an alternative belligerency. Let him attack his real enemies, not his own flesh and blood but whatever principality or power endangers flesh and blood. Let militarism be transformed into a millenium.

The Army recognises frontiers. But they are not the frontiers that divide nation from nation, race from race, religion from religion, class from class. They are the frontiers that separate light from darkness, right from wrong and love from hate, and wherever the Salvationist is to be found, he is a defender of the frontiers that make the difference between heaven and hell.

For forty years, I have watched the efforts of noblehearted men and women who have never

ceased to devote their sanity as an antidote to the insanities of war. The maintenance of peace is to-day the supreme issue that confronts the statesman, and who of us can predict what a day may bring forth? Who would withhold, at a time like this, a hope and a prayer that the Salvation Army, filled to overflowing with the ardour of its first love for God and Man, may be led by the General, wisely and bravely, along a straight path to the battle where none are wounded except to be healed, and every victory is the salvation of the vanquished?

Discussion is wholesome. Criticism may be salutary. But discussion and criticism are not the whole duty of life nor do great men and women live their lives in order that, after their death, authors may write their biographies. The great life is a life that has been worth living at the time.

It is all very well to criticise religion. Criticism is an excellent *alibi*. But the fact that hospitals might be improved, does not mean that we can do without them. The fact that education is imperfect, does not condone illiteracy. The Salvation Army may have its faults and failings. But is that a reason why some poor fellow should sink deeper into the morass of indulgence, why some reckless girl should be left without a friend in need, why some worthless career of extravagance and selfishness should not be transformed into a worthy contribution to the wealth that is commonwealth?

This world was not awarded to us as a heritage

for purposes of study alone. It is not what we know about it. It is what we make of it. And the question is whether we want a world that is worth living in.

That question is larger than economics and politics and art and philosophy and science. It is as large as man himself. It is as large as God. The Salvation Army is among the communions that face the question.

If life be worth living, all else follows. There is a faith that is worth believing. There are pleasures that are worth enjoying. There is trade that is worth conducting. There is music that is worth hearing. There are pictures that are worth seeing. There are books that are worth reading. There are games that are worth winning.

Man is confronted by a target at which he can aim his endeavours. It is a target with many colours that, like camouflage, confuse the vision. There are those who think that it is all right if they can plant their arrows anywhere on the target. Anything that they hit makes a hit. The Salvationist aims at the bull's eye—*Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.* Let the eye be clear. Let the hand be steady. Let the aim be strong.

There was one who confessed that he cared not who made the laws of the people if only he could write their songs. Evangeline Booth has written not a few of the songs of the Salvation Army and



they have been sung by countless multitudes in many lands. The latest of these songs claims "the world for God," and what is unreasonable in the claim? Did not God make the world? To win back a world that has gone sadly astray—is not this the answer to all emergencies?









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